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ADAMS'S
POCKET GUIDE
TO THE
ENVIRONS OF LONDON.

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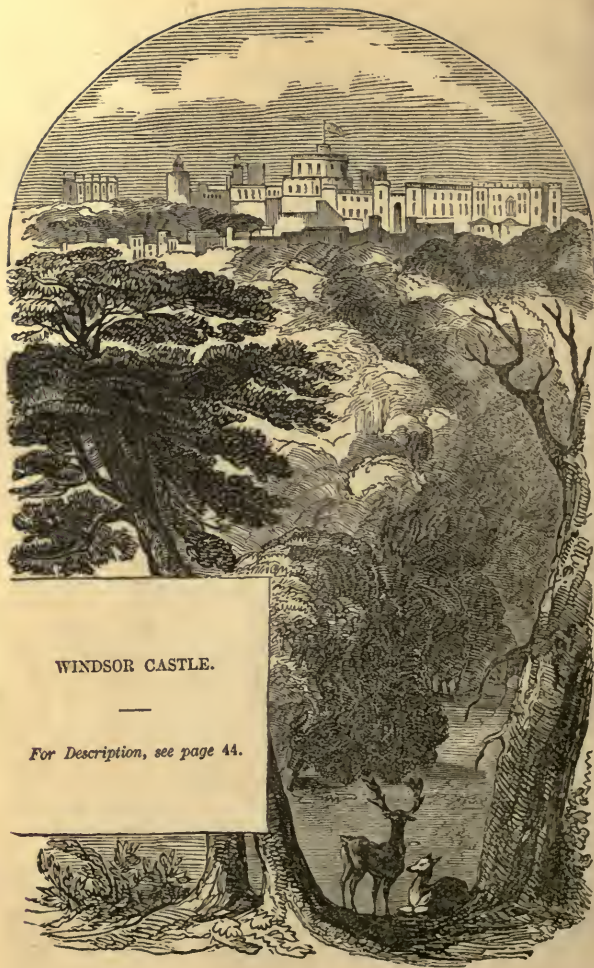
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ADAMS'S

POCKET DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE

TO THE

ENVIRONS OF THE METROPOLIS.

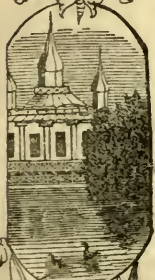


WINDSOR CASTLE.

For Description, see page 44.



ADAMS'S
Pocket Descriptive Guide
TO THE
ENVIRONS
OF THE
METROPOLIS,
EMBRACING
BERKSHIRE, HERTFORDSHIRE,
MIDDLESEX, SURREY, KENT,
AND ESSEX,
IN A CIRCUIT OF
Thirty Miles round London.



BY E. L. BLANCHARD.

LONDON:
W. J. ADAMS, 59, FLEET-STREET,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.



INTRODUCTION.

THE object of this pocket companion to the excursionist is sufficiently indicated by the title, the desire having been throughout to supply a compact and yet compendious guide to the chief places of interest and attraction to be found within a circuit of about thirty miles around the metropolis. Those who are limited in time or purse need not tarry in town on account of distance being necessarily the only condition that "lends enchantment to the view." If they can only steal a few hours from the exigencies of business, they can for the most moderate outlay, that even a little extra dinner indulgence would exceed, be transported by the spirit of steam to some of the rural retreats on the outskirts of our busy Babylon, that will bring them within the sight of scenery as beautiful, and places as fraught with rich historical associations, as though they had been wafted beyond the range of a day's journey. To serve as a gossiping companion by the way, pointing out the remarkable features of an old building, or the purpose for which a modern one has been erected, is the principal aim of our ambition, and if by throwing into our description a little of that discursive matter, which gives a zest to even the shortest trip, an additional pleasure is imparted, the small volume that we have furnished with this design will not be felt as an

unwelcome incumbrance to the coat-pocket. We have endeavoured to eschew such unnecessary antiquarian discussions as would prove only superfluous to the cursory visitor, who can find them elaborately detailed in larger works, whenever he shall desire to look for them—and, instead, an attempt has been made to supply precisely that information which will prove of the greatest interest, when the place described is brought under personal notice.

Few of a tolerably imaginative temperament have coolly gazed through the medium of a bookseller's shop-window upon some landscape engraving, picturing the beauties of a picturesque spot, without irresistibly having their thoughts directed to the same locality, and their inclination bent on the achievement of an excursion thither. A chance sketch of English scenery, or a county map, casually encountered, has a wonderful tendency to disturb the steady train of our reflections, sending susceptible folks off at once in quest of railway stations, and considerably multiplying the number of pleasure-trips taken during the sunny days of summer and autumn. We would fain give to those thus influenced a few hints about the philosophy of rambling, the best mode of getting enjoyment out of it, and the advantages to be derived from these occasional excursions. A walking-stick, in the first place, is a very serviceable companion, and—in default of a more agreeable one—a little volume of descriptive poetry well chosen, for perusal during the hours of rest and refreshment, gives a

wholesome relish to our appreciation of Nature. We catch the true spirit of many a British bard under these circumstances. In fact, some of the greatest delights of a summer ramble are derived from the association of objects around us with the brilliant thoughts and glowing imagery with which they have been invested by the poets. It should never be said of our wayside wanderer, in the words of one of our most reflective minstrels—

“The primrose by the river’s brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

But we would have him acquire the habit—which a taste for literature easily imparts—of rendering everything he sees suggestive of something that has been said or thought concerning it, and he will by this process find its charms wonderfully multiplied. It is in this ready and heartfelt consciousness of the links that bind animate and inanimate nature together that the charms of a rural excursion really consist. We would thus have our rambler somewhat of a botanist—not a mere expounder of hard names with Walker-only-knows-how-many syllables—but a kind of roadside florist, who can recognise flowering plants by their native English appellations, and would rather leave the violet blooming on its shady bank than ruthlessly dissect it to explore the arrangement of pistils and corolla. A smattering of entomology also, is not by any means to be despised. Your true lover of the country would not even crush a spider in his lair, nor crunch under his ruthless heel

the humblest beetle that ever twirled its antennæ in the sunshine. We can then follow the golden-belted bee to his own honeyed home, and lulled by the drowsy humming of his wings, plunge into a dreamy reverie about the internal philosophy of his hive, and start wild comparisons with social communities. We can then enter into the fullest sympathy with butterflies, and share the exuberance of their own apparently intense enjoyment; or, bending over a stagnant pool, we can dabble delightedly in duck-weed, and watch with curious eye the chase of a fugitive aquatic insect by some gawky pirate of the pond, who, after skating along in pursuit of his victim with marvellous celerity of motion, sits gently down in the mud at the bottom and amuses himself by sending up, juggler-fashion, a series of bright bubbling beads to break on the surface as a kind of after-dinner relaxation. There is indeed no limit to the odd fancies which crowd in upon us during these excursive perambulations, enlisting our interest in the veriest trifles, to confess which, at other times, would be a species of avowed insanity. Yet these apparently insignificant items are the sand grains that form the mountain—the component particles of that great aggregate of happiness which may be obtained in—and which we trust all our readers may derive from—a summer day's ramble.

Every year when

“Summer returns and nature is green,
And the cuckoo is heard, and the swallow is seen,”

man—that is a susceptible being capable of clairvoyance under solar mesmerism—experiences in the soles of his feet an invincible desire to export himself somewhere. He is seized with an alarming horror of his domicile, and is haunted in his dreams by spectral steamers, phantom footpaths, and visionary vehicles. He has a thirst for change—this must be quenched: a longing for locomotion—this must be gratified. Some fine morning a friend calls at his residence—he has vanished, exhaled, evaporated. A month passes by, and he is again seen, with a face darkened by the sun, and a purse lightened by the journey. But the intervening time has been to him fraught with pleasant memories, and he has inflated his lungs with a stock of unpolluted oxygen that will enable him to breathe upon credit for the next twelvemonth. To all who can emancipate themselves from town thralldom, and who have the opportunity of getting away, even into the suburbs, we would most emphatically urge them to go and do likewise. Let them seize every chance of thus turning a fine day to the best advantage. The moil and turmoil of the human hive renders an escape to the region of trees and flowers a privilege not to be lightly despised, and the eye is not less clear, nor the hand less dexterous, for the slight remission of their employment. And then going, like

“ One who long in populous cities pent,
Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer’s morn to breathe,

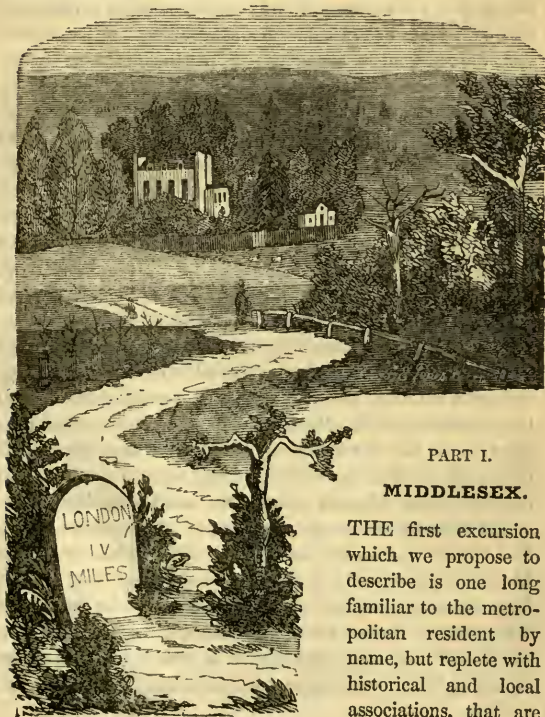
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dailry, rural sights, and rural sounds——”

he shall return with renewed energy to his avocation, and find that these simple pleasures are the best and most enduring. Having, therefore, now fully prepared the reader for the enjoyment of one of those excursive trips which we are about to indicate and describe, we may confidently affirm that if anybody takes an excursion into his head without putting this volume into his pocket he deserve to be ——: no! we will not be too severe—as the man says in the play, the crime carries its own punishment along with it.

ADAMS'S
ENVIRONS OF THE METROPOLIS.

EXCURSION I.

HAMPSTEAD—THE HEATH—JACK STRAW'S CASTLE—THE SPANIARD'S—CAEN WOOD—FINCHLEY—HIGHGATE—HIGHGATE HILL—ARUNDEL HOUSE—HIGHGATE ARCHWAY—THE HIGHGATE OATH—WHITTINGTON AND HIS ALMSHOUSES—THE NORTH LONDON CEMETERY—ISLINGTON—CANONBURY HOUSE, &c. &c.



PART I.

MIDDLESEX.

THE first excursion which we propose to describe is one long familiar to the metropolitan resident by name, but replete with historical and local associations, that are

too little known, it will form an appropriate commencement to our depictions of the scenery and antiquities that may be encountered even in the shortest ramble about the environs. An omnibus—of which there are plenty to be met with, every hour of the day, from the City and Tottenham Court-road—will furnish a conveyance to Hampstead, at once convenient and economical, and relieve the pedestrian from the least interesting and most fatiguing portion of his journey. Passing through Camden Town—which, notwithstanding its present extent, is one of the most recently erected suburbs, having been first built upon in 1791, on the manor falling into the possession of the Marquis of Camden—we have the line of the North-Western Railway branching off to our left, and Chalk Farm, once so noted in the annals of duelling, a little beyond. At Haverstock Hill, where the ascent is palpable enough to make a slower pace necessary and a retrospective glance at the forest of chimneys beneath as obtainable, we have on the left of the road a cottage, now split into two separate dwellings, formerly the residence of Sir Richard Steele, the associate of Addison, and the busy contributor to the “*Tatler*.” The road, which speedily assumes a very rural aspect, though studded with elegant villas in every direction, next leads past Downshire Hill, a pretty vista giving a distant glimpse of Highgate Church and the houses round Kentish Town, anciently bearing the name of Cantislares, or Cantlers. It now belongs chiefly to the possessions of St. Paul's Cathedral, as ecclesiastical property. Soon after we enter the main street of Hampstead, and here, alighting from our vehicle, we may proceed to reconnoitre this ancient and admired resort of the London Rambler.

The Romans—that wonderful people, who were the first to find out those attractive situations which modern judgment has since sanctioned and improved—were evidently located here for some time, and many Roman antiquities have been discovered at various periods, particularly near the Wells, in 1774. Ethelred made this district a present to Westminster Abbey in 986; but as it then only contained five cottages, the

benefaction was of less consideration than it would be now, when it includes nearly five thousand. In the reign of Henry the Eighth it had acquired a wonderful reputation among laundresses, and the nobility were wont to send their linen hither to be bleached, in the belief that peculiarly cleansing properties were here attached to the two elements of air and water. For a short time the county members were elected on the heath, but the privilege was lost in 1701, and from that time the chief interest is connected with the eminent literary characters, who made Hampstead a place of frequent resort and residence. At a tavern called "The Upper Flask"—the sign is still perpetuated—the celebrated "Kit-cat Club" was originally held, under the management of its eccentric sponsor, Christopher Cat, and here Addison, Steele, Richardson (the novelist) Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and afterwards Akenside and Dr. Johnson, with a host of other celebrities, used frequently to assemble. The Church of St. John's was built in 1747; but the increasing population rendering its want of accommodation severely felt, it has been recently enlarged to nearly double its former extent, at a cost of £3,000. There is a chapel in Well-walk, where formerly persons were married without fees on condition of ordering their wedding dinner at the Wells, which was of course charged for in proportion. These wells enjoyed much celebrity in the last century, as containing a chalybeate spring suitable for many complaints; but they have become latterly quite deserted and forgotten. Passing on to the Heath, throned upon an elevation of nearly 400 feet above the sea level, there is a magnificent prospect spread forth on every side. The mighty maze of London, with its myriad house-tops, lies mapped out in the hollow towards the south, whilst rising amidst the smoky vapour, that hangs over the city like a cloud, may be recognised the massive dome of St. Paul's, the towers of Westminster Abbey, and the New Houses of Parliament, the thread-like elevation of the Monument, and most of the more elevated public edifices. Beyond may be traced the blue outline of the Surrey hills, even to Banstead

Downs. On the other side the view is even more varied and extensive. With the condition of a clear atmosphere, the eye can embrace from this eminence Windsor, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Ashley Hills (thirty miles distant), Finchley, Hanslop steeple, in Northamptonshire, within eight miles of Northampton; and the range of the Langdon Hills in Essex, full thirty miles east; besides numerous places within the circumference, of inferior note. Around, in the immediate neighbourhood, are Rosslyn House, and Bellsizes, an old Manor Hall; Parliament Hill, where there is an ancient tumulus; the Vale of Health, sheltered between the hills; North-End, close to the Heath; West-End, half-a-mile to the south west; Fortune Green, half-a-mile west; and Child's Hill, one mile to the north-west. To the south of the hills are the Hampstead Ponds, which formed the source of the Fleet—that famous river, which Pope immortalized as—

“The king of dykes, than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.”

For many centuries, however, the water was as pure as its origin betokened. Passing from Hampstead, it went by Kentish Town, Camden Town, and the old church of St. Pancras, towards Battle Bridge, past Bagnigge Wells and the House of Correction, towards the valley at the back of Mount Pleasant, and thence to the bottom of Holborn. Here it received the waters of the Old Bourne, which afterwards bequeathed its name to the thoroughfare, rising near Middle Row, and the sewer of Holborn Hill is the same channel to this day. In 1765 the Fleet was finally covered over and built upon; but the sparkling source that gave it birth is still unchanged by time. The Serpentine is also fed by the springs about this spot, which makes the fact more remarkable, that Hampstead itself is lamentably deficient in the supply of water which it distributes so liberally to the northern suburbs. We believe, however, that arrangements are now in progress for removing what has always been such a marvellous defect to the parish, and such a serious inconvenience to the inhabitants.

The tavern known as "*Jack Straw's Castle*" was so designated from a tradition—generally considered erroneous—that this was one of the retreats of the insurgents during the rebellion of Wat Tyler. The house is commodious, and has some spacious grounds attached, with a Post-office adjacent. A brisk walk across the Heath westward will soon bring the pedestrian to "*The Spaniard's*," an excellent hostel, situated in a rather romantic position among the woods, and commanding some delightful views. It was formerly the site of a gateway leading into an extensive park, the property of the Bishops of London, and here, in a less pleasant way than by the charges of the present Boniface, toll was exacted from every traveller who passed. In this park, known as Hārringhay, was once a magnificent palace, the property also of these great church dignitaries, and how pleasantly chosen may be inferred from a description given of the suburbs by Fitzstephen, in 1180, which reads somewhat oddly in the present day. The old chronicler says—we have of course modernised the spelling—"There are cornfields, pastures, and delightful meadows, intermixed with pleasant streams, on which stand many a mill whose clack is so grateful to the ear; beyond them a forest extends itself, beautified by woods and groves, and full of the layers and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls." That this bishop's palace was also a castle we learn from an account published of it in 1593, which even then alludes to its antiquity as a ruin. The following is the passage:—"The hill is at this time trenched with two deep ditches, now olde and overgrowne with bushes, the rubble thereof, as brick, tile, and cornish slate, are in heaps yet to be seen, which ruins are of great antiquity, as may appear by the oaks at this day standing, above a hundred years growth, at the very foundation of the building." That the facility afforded for hunting was the chief reason that induced the prelates here to fix their residence cannot be doubted, when it is remembered that at a period not more remote than the reign of Queen Elizabeth these wooded undulations abounded with pheasants,

partridges, and herons, which latter bird being found in such abundance proves that the region of villas by which London is now begirt, "like some swarth Indian with his belt of beads," was then scarcely better than an undrained track of marsh land. A century before, the hilly range of Highgate and Hampstead, with the gentler declivity of Hornsey and the valley of Tottenham to the east, were famous for wild boars, and the diversion of hunting them often drew the citizens to resorts now frequented for a much less romantic purpose, so that in earlier times there could have been no dearth of sport for these mitred huntsmen. The form of the moat, seventy yards square, is still visible, and is indicated by a gushing spring, which now serves as a watering-place for cattle, where the aged bushes on its banks may yet be seen drooping into the refreshing stream. In the wood adjacent to this castle a hostile meeting took place between the Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Warwick in 1386, and it was here that the former opposed the king with a force of forty thousand men. Henry VIII. threatened those who should hunt or hawk within these precincts "imprisonment of their bodies, and further punishment at his majesty's will and pleasure," so that, whilst we indulge in a little needful rest and refreshment at the "Spaniard's", there is no lack of matter for reflection, when we contemplate the changes of times past and present.

Before leaving the inn which bears this uncommon appellation, we may mention that it owes its name to the circumstance of a Spaniard being its first landlord, since which time it has been considerably improved, and the gardens laid out with taste and liberality. Close by was, about a century since, a curious cottage, called "*New Georgia*," which bore on it an inscription penned after the following quaint fashion:—"I, Robert Caxton, began this place in a wild wood, stubbed up the wood, digged all the ponds, cut all the walks, made all the gardens, built all the rooms with my own hands, nobody drove a nail here, laid a brick or tile here, but myself, and thank God for giving me such strength, being sixty-four years of age

when I began it." The owner showed his visitors several small rooms with embellishments of his own execution, and wherein some such odd diversions were resorted to as the gentleman being put into the pillory, and the ladies obliged to kiss him under penalties not decorous to enumerate. The eccentricity of this hearty old gentleman was further developed in 1760, by causing his grounds, which were most romantically disposed, to be interspersed with representations of various reptiles, that by means of hidden machinery suddenly made an attack upon the unsuspecting lounge. There was a chair so constructed also, with a perversion of ingenuity, that directly the tired stranger became seated in it would fling around him the wooden semblance of snakes, spiders, and the most loathsome reptiles, all we are to presume made likewise out of Mr. Caxton's "own head."

Caen Wood, the residence of the Earl of Mansfield, is the next conspicuous object that arrests our attention. Once the retreat of Venner, the fanatic, and his followers, it was at an early date inhabited by the Duke of Argyle. The mansion is a noble structure, though without much pretension to architectural magnificence, and the spacious park is composed of graceful undulations, green lawns, sparkling sheets of water, and strips of umbrageous woodland, with here an opening whence a picturesque view may be obtained, and there a grove of impenetrable thickness. Though now the very image of peaceful seclusion, it was in 1780 the scene of one of those riotous outbreaks which are, happily, of such rare occurrence in England, though apparently epidemic abroad. The "No Popery" cry, fomented by Lord George Gordon, incited a desperate gang to burn down the elegant mansion of Lord Mansfield in Bloomsbury Square, which consumed a most valuable collection of pictures and manuscripts; and Lord and Lady Mansfield were with difficulty preserved from their violence, by making their escape through a back door a few minutes before these miscreants broke in and took possession of the house. The military was sent for, but arrived too late;

they were obliged, however, to fire on the mob in their own defence, and six men and a woman were killed and several wounded. Not contented with the havoc and destruction they had already caused, the infuriate mob went in two divisions through Highgate and Hampstead, both meeting at the "Spaniard's," then kept by one Giles Thomas. With singular presence of mind he persuaded his unruly visitors to refresh themselves amply, throwing not only his house and cellarage open to them free of charge, but causing barrels of strong ale to be rolled from the cellars of Caen Wood house to the roadside. During the time thus so adroitly gained messengers were despatched for the soldiery, who arrived just in time to save the noble structure, which the multitude intended to destroy. The whole of these exciting incidents have been admirably introduced by Dickens into his story of "Barnaby Rudge," and tell with thrilling effect upon the reader.

Should time permit, it is worth while for the pedestrian to stroll hence through East End on to *Finchley*, which is about three miles further, and pay a visit to the old church, that claims an antiquity coeval with the fifteenth century. There are some fine old tombs and brasses that will well repay inspection. Some ancient almshouses, supported by an endowment of £300 a year, given in 1491, are interesting as a record of the benevolence of our forefathers. Finchley Common, memorable for the exploits of the Dick Turpins and Claude Du Val's of former days, is now surrounded by the neat villas of our London merchants, but the tree is still standing that formed the rendezvous of the highwaymen; and the Blacksmith's forge is on the same site, where the old farrier shod the horse of one of these minions of the moon the wrong way, in order to enable him to evade pursuit, by leaving a reversed track behind. This locality will also remind one of Hogarth's "*March to Finchley*," wherein he has so humourously delineated the progress of the Foot Guards to their place of rendezvous on Finchley Common, whence they were to proceed to Scotland against the rebels in 1745. The return to town can be made

either by way of Muswell Hill, Hornsey Lane, and Islington, or through Highgate and Kentish Town. The latter, as being the nearest as well as most interesting route, is the one we have preferred to indicate.

The salubrity of HIGHGATE is attested not only by the old records, which show during the prevalence of the Great Plague of London that not one death from that fearful disease occurred in this locality, but also by the number of hospitals and asylums that have been here erected, and the numerous families who have chosen a residence in this elevated region, for the sake of its pure and bracing atmosphere. One of the most curious circumstances connected with its history is attached to the name of Sir William Wallace. When that patriotic hero was beheaded on Tower Hill, in 1305, his remains were conveyed to the lodge of Gilbert Earl of Gloucester, the Bishop's castle before alluded to, and here also Robert Bruce, disguised as a Carmelite, remained concealed until treachery betrayed his retreat to the king. Many stirring scenes were here enacted during the "troubulous times" of Henry IV.; and it is, besides, the locality of the famous necromantic conspiracy, plotted by the Duchess of Gloucester, Margaret Jourdain, and their confederates, against Henry the Sixth. On Highgate Hill was Baron Thorpe beheaded by the insurgents in 1461; and in Arundel House was imprisoned the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart, and hence she escaped in male attire. The adventures of this unhappy lady, who by her affinity to James I. and Elizabeth, was placed too near the throne for her own peaceful desires, form one of the most singular episodes in history. In the same house the great Lord Bacon breathed his last, leaving only the immortality of a name. Cromwell House, a curious structure close by, was built by the Protector for Ireton, his son-in-law; the armorial bearings of the family are still to be seen on the ceiling of the drawing-room. In Lauderdale House once dwelt Mistress Nell Gwynne, mother of the first Duke of St. Albans; and among the many other celebrated personages who have either

spent the greater part of their lives or ended their days here, may be enumerated Sir Richard Baker, author of the "Chronicles," Andrew Marvel, the Countess of Huntingdon, Dr. Sacheverell, Moreland, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb. The high gate which gave its name to the parish was an arch with rooms over it, and was removed in 1769, its want of height obstructing the passage of laden waggons. The north road now passes through the hill by means of a deep cutting and under an archway. The reason for establishing the old gate is thus fully communicated by Norden, one of the old local topographers:—"The Auncient Highwaie to High Barnet from Portepole, now Gray's Inn Lane, was through a lane on the east of Pancras Church called Longwich Lane; from thence leaving Highgate to the west, it passed through Tallingdone Lane, and so to Crouch End, and thence through a park called Hornsey Great Park, to Mnswell Hill, Colney Hatch, Fryerne Barnet, and so to Whetstone. This Auncient Highwaie was refused of wayfarers and carriers by reason of the deepness and dirtie passage in the winter season. It was agreed between the Bishop of London and the countrie that a new way should be laide forthe through the said Bishop's possessions, beginning at Highgate Hill, to lead directly to Whetstone, for which new waie travellers yield a certain toll unto the Bishop of London, which is farmed at £40 per annum, and for that purpose was the gate erected in 1387 upon the hill, that through the same all travellers should passe, and be the more aptly staide for the said toll." At the Gate House Inn was formerly administered the celebrated Highgate oath on the horns, which strange custom is said to have originated from the fact of the tavern being frequented by graziers, who, to exclude strangers, brought an ox to the door, and allowed none to enter who would not kiss the horns. Some doggrel rhymes of the period thus allude to the circumstance:—

"It's a custom at Highgate, that all who go through
Must be sworn on the horns, sir; and so, sir, must you;
Bring the horns, shut the door; now, sir, off with your hat,
And when you again come, pray don't forget that."

Not longer back than sixty years, when eighty stages stopped daily at the Red Lion Inn—now where are they?—three out of every five passengers were regularly sworn. The landlord, introducing a pair of horns on a long pole, bade every guest be uncovered, and then gave a rigmarole affirmation of what every one might and might not do with impunity, such as not to eat brown bread when they could get white, except they liked it better, and so forth, with other whimsical injunctions, in the same strain. These mummeries of a past age, when boisterous merriment was mistaken for happiness, are now quite extinct. The handsome gothic church of St. Michael's was completed in 1832, and forms a landmark seen for miles round; the interior is exceedingly neat and commodious. The grammar school, which was originally an hermitage, was founded by Sir Roger Cholmely in 1565, who left some estates for its support. The school at first educated only forty boys; but by judicious management, and the receipt of a small extra sum from the scholars, the benefits have been extended to nearly double the number, and the income has increased from £10 to nearly £900 annually. The original Whittington's Stone has been long since removed, but some handsome almshouses mark the spot where he heard the peal of Bow Bells ringing the mystic injunction in his ear of "Turn again Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." He was Lord Mayor during the three reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V., having been at first sheriff in 1393. Before leaving Highgate no one should omit a visit to the Highgate or North London Cemetery, consecrated by the Bishop of London in May, 1839. The grounds, comprising an area of about twenty acres, form a portion of that side of Highgate Hill which faces the metropolis. They are entered from a lane on the west by a little gothic building. To the left is the chapel, and broad gravel paths wind in each direction, through flowery parterres, clumps of evergreens, and picturesque combinations of trees. An Egyptian archway forms the entrance to the catacombs, where a fine cypress-tree,

in the central compartment, flings a congenial shadow over the solid masonry beneath. The terrace which runs at the foot of the church commands an extensive view over London and the adjacent country.

Again resorting to omnibus conveyance, the excursionist can either go through Holloway and Islington, or to Camden Town, as his desires may tend ; but he must not forget, if he returns through Islington, that the old tavern called "The Queen Elizabeth's Head" has some noticeable antique furniture and apartments, with the real Whittington Stone, it is said, for its threshold—that Canonbury has an old Manor House, formerly belonging to the Priory of St. Bartholomew at Smithfield—and that at the old tavern of "The Red Lion," in St. John Street Road, the notorious Thomas Paine wrote some of the works that gave rise to such endless law proceedings with Carlile and others.

A day may well be devoted to this excursion, but, omitting Finchley, the whole can be comfortably explored with the aid of omnibii in the course of a summer's afternoon.

EXCURSION II.

HARROW—THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY—
KENSAL GREEN—WILLESDEN—HARROW-ON-THE-HILL—HAR-
ROW CHURCH—THE SCHOOL—BYRON'S FAVORITE SPOT—
GREENFORD—HANWELL—JONAS HANWAY—EALING—ACTON
BERRYMEAD PRIORY—NOTTING HILL AND BAYSWATER.

FROM Euston Square to Harrow, by the London and Birmingham Railway, is a rapid railroad transit of nine and a half miles; and, as few would prefer to this speedy travelling the slower progress along the Harrow road, by Paddington and Westbourne Green, we shall assume that this is the route chosen. Possessed, therefore, of a ticket to the Harrow station, we can leisurely glance at the intervening objects we encounter on our way, as we effectually shorten, by the aid of steam, the time occupied in our journey. Passing through the Primrose Hill Tunnel, which is 1,120 yards in length, and the excavation of which occupied a period of three years, we are next carried under the Edgware Road, and beneath a number of bridges, chiefly used for connecting private property severed by the line. Three miles from the Primrose-Hill Tunnel we come to the Kensal Green Tunnel, 960 feet in length, the celebrated cemetery being on the other side, and forming of itself a place worthy of pilgrimage, from the number of eminent individuals who are entombed within its limits; branches of royalty itself, in the persons of the Duke of Sussex and the Princess Sophia, having, in 1843 and 1848, been added to the other illustrious names. At a small cottage adjacent, demolished in 1837, Goldsmith wrote the "Deserted Village" and the "Vicar of Wakefield." Some modern villas have lately been built upon the site. In the Abbey Field, at Kilburn, stood a Priory, once famous for a medicinal spring. At Willesden

is a plain Saxon church, enjoying the traditionary reputation of being the burial place of the novel-renowned Jack Sheppard; and the cage, where he was once in "durance vile," is still to be seen. A richly pastoral country is next traversed, and crossing over the Brent by a viaduct, and winding round the hill, where the spire of the village church is seen rising above the trees, we alight at our destination.

The Harrow Station is rather more than a mile from Harrow, lying in the valley below. Crossing the green meadows that form our pathway until we reach the foot of the hill, where the slope becomes much steeper, the view from the summit will be found to deserve all the encomiums that have been so lavishly bestowed upon it. The hill, rising almost isolated from an extensive plain, with the church and school on one side, and the old churchyard sloping on the other, forms in itself a combination of objects inexpressibly attractive and picturesque; but when the eye ranges over the vast expanse, and the landscape is lit up by the gorgeous sunset of a summer's eve, the prospect becomes positively fascinating. On the north it is limited by the woody country round Edgware and Whitechurch, but from the west there is included within the scope of vision the most fertile portions of Buckinghamshire and Berkshire, with more to the south the towers of Windsor Castle; thence we catch a glimpse of Knockholt Beeches, on the very verge of Sussex, and the sweeping undulation of the Surrey Hills, whilst, about ten miles away, half shrouded in its canopy of smoke, looms the great metropolis, with the rotundity of St. Paul's dome gleaming in the sunlight like a ball of golden fire.

The church is less remarkable in its exterior than a distant view would induce us to suppose. It was founded by Archbishop Lanfranc, who held the manor of Harrow in the warlike days of William the Conqueror. A few fragments of the Norman architect are to be descried in the pillars of the western porch, but time and the race of churchwardens—scarcely less inimical to antiquity—have nearly obliterated every vestige

of the old edifice of eight centuries back. The retort of Charles II., who called this the only manifestation of "the Church visible," is borne out by its spire and tower being conspicuous for many miles round. The interior contains some fine old tombs and monumental brasses, with an oak-carved roof, as ancient as the fourteenth century, ornamented with some grotesque evidences of the carver's skill. A monument to Dr. Drury, by Westmacott, on the north side of the nave, represents the schoolmaster seated, with two of his pupils standing before him—the likenesses identifying them with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Byron. Sir Samuel Garth, the poetic physician, who compounded drugs with doggrel, and mixed up medicine with metaphors, till it was difficult to say which was the worst to swallow, is also here interred. Besides a marble tablet, with an inscription by Dr. Parr, there is a brass monument in the nave, over the body of the founder of Harrow School, whose liberality is commemorated in the following inscription:—"Here lyeth buried the bodye of John Lyons, late of Preston, in this Parish, Yeoman, deceased the 11th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1592, who hath founded a free grammar school in the parish to have continuance for ever, and for maintenance thereof and for releyffe of the poore and of some poore scholars in the Universities, repairing of highwayes, and other good and charitable uses, hath made conveyance of lands of good value to a corporation granted for that purpose. Prayers be to the Author of all Goodness, who makes us myndful to follow his good example." Having thus seen the last resting-place of the founder, we may naturally turn to the school itself, a plain red brick building, in the Tudor style, which, though it may be considered as one of the most renowned of our public institutions for educational purposes, is singularly deficient in exterior attractions. John Lyon established it in 1585. All resident householders in the parish of Harrow have the inalienable right of sending their sons to this grammar-school to receive instruction, but other parts of the country are the main source of the pupils, who

chiefly board with the masters. The worthy founder even specified in his instructions what the amusements of the scholars were to be—such as “driving a top, tossing a hand-ball, running and shooting.” He required parents to furnish their children with bowstrings and shafts, to pursue the exercise—much in the same way as academies now require the parental offering of the six towels and silver spoon, which seldom come back with the boarders—and it was customary, till a very recent period, for the scholars to shoot for a silver arrow at an annual display of archery. The pupils being, however, now expected to be “men of mark” in a different sense, trials of skill by public speech have been wisely substituted. The number of scholars is generally about 250, and among the most eminent of those who have been here educated may be mentioned the names of Sir William Jones, Dr. Parr, (the most profound of our Greek professors), Sheridan, Bruce (the Abyssinian traveller), Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Byron, who has, perhaps, more largely than any of the rest contributed to the interest attached to the locality. He is still remembered by some of the old village sexagenarians as a wild, racketty and romantic boy, ready for any fight, frolic, or diversion that might present an opportunity for getting out of bounds. He himself tells us, in one of the letters given in Moore’s life, of the regard he had for a particular spot in the churchyard, “near a footpath on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachey or Peachie), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy.” He echoed this sentiment afterwards in verse, as follows:—

“Again I behold where for hours I have pondered,
As reclining at eve on yon tombstone I lay,
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wandered,
To catch the last gleam of the sun’s setting ray.”

As besides there can be no place better fitted for meditation than a country churchyard, it may be some satisfaction to choose the same spot with the poet, and thence survey the

very panorama that so often delighted him who, self-expatriated while he lived, was destined to be, when dead, excluded from that niche in Poet's Corner which his own genius and English justice had a right to demand.

Taking the footpath to Wembly, which leads from the end of Harrow Church through a delightfully rural district, the pedestrian can skirt the large domain of Wembly Park, and rejoin the railway, homeward bound, at the Willesden Station. But, if he should not be pressed for time, nor indisposed by fatigue, we by all means suggest an extension of his walk through Sudbury and Greenford to the Hanwell Station on the Great Western Railway. It is about five miles distant, but the road leads through the most secluded and beautiful portions of what is called the Vale of Middlesex. Greenford Church is small, but very ancient, and has some brasses and tombs to repay a passing inspection. In that part of the river Brent which meanders between Greenford and Perivale, sanguine piscators have stoutly maintained the excellence of the pike and trout to be found therein, and the disciples of Izaak Walton are frequently encountered, with rod and line, along its margin. The Wharncliffe viaduct, a massive and elegant structure raised upon eight arches, and extending over a length of three hundred yards, is a conspicuous feature of the Great Western Railway as we approach Hanwell, which has antiquity enough to figure in the early records as one of the places given by King Edgar to Westminster Abbey. The new gothic church, built, at a cost of £4,000, in 1841, on the site of the old one, has been much and deservedly admired, and blends harmoniously with the surrounding scenery as the spectator comes in view of it from the Uxbridge Road. In the churchyard adjoining lies interred the eccentric Jonas Hanway, who has been generally accredited as the first who introduced the umbrella into this country, and who, setting the example by always carrying one himself, encountered such opposition among the prejudiced as to cause it to be denounced as "a profane attempt to ward off from man the

rain that fell from heaven." His biographer, Pugh, says that "after carrying one for nearly thirty years he saw them come into general use," so that, as Jonas died in the year 1786, this statement enables us to fix his first appearance with an umbrella about the year 1756. But the greatest object of interest in Hanwell is unquestionably the County Lunatic Asylum, which now contains upwards of 1,400 inmates. The grounds are laid out with much taste, and with spacious apartments, indulgent directors, kind attendants, and an improved treatment, those who recover from these melancholy attacks of mental aberration are much more numerous than formerly. One of the most striking changes in the management has been that arising from the complete abolishment of personal restraint. In June 1839, when Dr. Conolly was appointed superintendent of the Hanwell Asylum, 40 patients, out of the 800 it then contained, were almost constantly strapped down. In 1844 he added in his report that, "by the abolition of restraint the general management of the insane has been freed from many difficulties, and their recovery in various degrees greatly promoted." Since this period the system so successfully adopted here has been pursued with the same advantages elsewhere. The medical assistants are all gentlemen of the highest standing in the profession, and Dr. Conolly has two able coadjutors in Dr. Hitchman and Mr. Aulsebrook. The Charity School, founded in 1484, has an endowment of £100 per annum. Either by road or rail the excursionist will hence return through Ealing and Acton. *Ealing Church* was built in 1739, but besides a tomb to Oldmixon, a dramatist of little note, there is nothing worthy of mention. It is a plain brick structure, with a square tower and turret. Henry Fielding, the novelist and magistrate, had a residence in this village, which has long been a favourite spot for academics. Castlebar was the seat of the Duke of Kent. *Acton*, though now connected with the metropolis by the long line of houses by Notting Hill and Bayswater, was once a secluded hamlet, centred in a thick forest of oaks, and hence

called Oak Town, of which its present name is a corruption: Towards the southern part of the parish is the fine castellated mansion, surrounded by its massive and ancient elms, known as Berrymead Priory. It was formerly tenanted by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, but has lately reverted, after centuries of secular tenancy, to its original purpose as a monastic house, having been purchased about six years since by the sisterhood of *Le Sacré Cœur de Jesus*, to form a branch convent from their principal establishment near the Chamber of Deputies at Paris. The Convent of Berrymead contains nearly 50 nuns, who—to their praise and unbigoted liberality be it spoken—support out of their funds a free day school, which is chiefly attended by Protestant children. The Earls of Essex and Warwick made Acton their head-quarters prior to the conflict—which now carries an odd sound with it—of the Battle of Brentford. Shepherd's Bush, a pretty suburban district, leads to Brook Green, on the southern extremity of which is a Catholic School and Chapel of some celebrity, called "The Ark." In June, 1843, an extensive Catholic establishment was removed here from some former inconvenient premises in King Street, Hammersmith, under the title of the "Convent of the Good Shepherd." Adjoining the convent is an "Asylum for Penitent Women," an excellent institution, under the personal superintendence of the religious ladies who are recognised as "the Daughters of our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd." Within the last few years no less than forty foundations have been formed from the parent house of this religious order, branches of which are to be met with in the most extreme parts of the earth. One of these has been established even at Algiers, thus bringing the African region within the scope of its mission, and there are two in North America. The order, founded in 1651, at Caen in Normandy, comprehends nearly 300 religious sisters, who consecrate their life and devote their energies to the many charitable objects which constitute the basis of the institution. Not the least commendable among these is the reception

afforded by them to that unfortunate class who are too often driven by obloquy and despair to seek a refuge from the contempt of society in the grave. The Magdalens, who are thus sheltered from an outcast existence, live under regulations approved by the church, and under the guidance of these charitable sisters. They have houses of preservation, and schools for orphans, who are subsequently adopted by the foundation. Not having any other funds than those derived from voluntary contributions and the work of the penitents, the relief afforded is necessarily restricted in amount. The "Waste Land Almshouses" are for aged inhabitants of the parish, chiefly supported by the proceeds arising from the sale of the waste lands. Another half-hour and we can get to Oxford Street, and ponder over the panoramic progress we have made round the environs, as we discuss the welcome adjunct to our rambles in a late repast of adequate substantiality.

EXCURSION III.

CHELSEA—CREMORNE GARDENS—FULHAM—WEST LONDON CEMETERY—THE BISHOP'S PALACE—CHISWICK—STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN—BRENTFORD—OSTERLY HOUSE—SION HOUSE AND PARK—ISLEWORTH—HOUNSLOW—SUNBURY—HARLINGTON—NORWOOD—SOUTHALL STATION—BROMPTON AND KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

TAKING the steamboat to *Chelsea*—a mode of conveyance that would marvellously have perplexed its visitors in the last century, when the watermen at the Arundel Stairs plied “sculls to Ranelagh,” and thought themselves scantily paid by a fare of as many shillings as we now give pence—we disembark at the Cadogan Pier, and come at once under the shade of the old trees that line the ancient parade called Cheyne Walk. It is not our purpose to enter into any elaborate dissertation concerning the antiquities of a place so well known, but we cannot resist reminding the rambler of a few particulars that may interest him as he passes the venerable church. It is not more than two hundred years old, though some remains of the structure built on the same site, in the reign of Edward II., are still apparent. The monument of Sir Hans Sloane is the first seen at the south-east corner, and records the death of that eminent physician and naturalist, in 1753, at the age of 92. Another more antique is that to Dr. Edmund Chamberlayne, who died in 1703, with an inscription stating, that along with the body several of the Doctor's unpublished works are buried, having been sealed up and thus disposed of, to render them more likely to go down to posterity. Several attempts have been made to obtain these, but all have proved fruitless. On the south wall; near the east end, and in an arched recess, is Sir Thomas More's

tomb, plainly decorated with the crest and armorial bearings of the deceased, beneath which is a long inscription on a black marble slab. He was executed on the 6th of July, 1535. Beaufort Row stands upon the site of More's mansion, where Erasmus and Holbein, the famous painter, were his frequent guests. Turning up the lane by Cremorne Gardens, now metamorphosed into the most popular place of public amusement near London, we pass onward through a region chiefly cultivated by market gardeners till we come to the Fulham Road, leading through Walham Green. The *West London Cemetery*, consecrated in 1840, extends from the Fulham Road to Sir John Scott Lillie's ground. The cemetery is open for public inspection, free of charge, from seven to sunset daily, except Sundays, when it is closed till noon. Opposite is the Normal School, surrounded by a brick wall, and not far distant is the palace of the Bishop of London, a stately mansion, girded by a moat, and environed by gardens filled with the rarest and most choice exotics. A road here leads to Hammersmith Bridge, opened in 1827, and the glance at the river, with this light and elegant structure spanning its surface, is very pleasing. The Suspension Bridge is 20 feet wide and 688 feet long, and cost £80,000. Brandenburg House, where Queen Caroline, the dishonored consort of George IV., fixed her residence, is now pulled down. Continuing our way, along the banks of the river, past the osier beds, we enter *Chiswick*, and make our way at once to the church, which has a fine old tower and some interesting monuments. From an inscription, affixed to the western wall on a tablet, we learn that the tower was founded by one William Bordall, the vicar, who died in 1435, and this is believed to be the period of the erection of the whole fabric. On the south side of the chancel is the tomb of Sir Thomas Chaloner, who discovered the first alum mines worked in England. He was a soldier too, and did no little service to the country ere he finally expired in 1516. Near unto him are the remains of Charles Holland, the tragedian. Here lies Hogarth, who spent the last days of his

life in the neighbourhood, and who had upon his decease an epitaph from Garrick, which is, perhaps, the best and happiest effort of that actor-author's pen. Being the inscription, and still sufficiently legible, quotation is needless. Louthembourg, the artist, the Duchesses of Cleveland and Somerset, and a few others who made some stir in the world, after their various fashions, are also buried within the churchyard. A narrow path between two brick walls, on the opposite side of the church, will lead to Chiswick House, one of the seats of the Duke of Devonshire. Besides possessing all the attractions of an elegant mansion, surrounded by beautiful grounds, originally laid out by Kent, the celebrated landscape gardener, it is memorable as having been the place where Charles James Fox died, in 1806, and where Canning also breathed his last, twenty-one years afterwards. There is an obelisk and a temple, adorned with some fine statues, as well as a lofty gate of rather imposing proportions. The Fetes of the Horticultural Society draw numbers of visitors to the spot every year. Just beyond the boundary of the Devonshire Estate is the little straggling parish of *Strand-on-the-Green*, where Joe Miller, to whom has been affiliated all the jokes, good, bad, and indifferent that have shaken the sides of our ancestors for a century, is reputed to have lived and died, if he ever had any existence at all, which some are now disposed to deny. Kew Bridge, replacing an old wooden one taken down in 1789, is a neat stone structure, and forms a convenient communication with all parts of Surrey. Not far distant is Heathfield House, a dilapidated structure, once the mansion of Lord Lovat, who was executed on Tower Hill in 1746, on a charge of high treason. We now enter *Brentford*, the older part of the town being the well-remembered source of George the Second's admiration, who is said to have exclaimed, in a tone of enthusiasm, "I like to ride through Brentford, it ish so much like Hanoverish." Recent improvements have somewhat relieved the town from this opprobrium. The immense chimney of the Grand Junction

Water Works is the first object that catches the eye. It is nearly 150 feet high, and is ascended by 120 circular iron steps. The engines propel 30,000 gallons of water every minute to the Paddington main to supply the metropolis. More in the town, and nearly opposite the gas-works, is Sir Felix Booth's famous distillery, said to be the largest in the world: £420,000 is annually returned to Government for duty alone, and 500 oxen are fattened on the grains. There are some large establishments here for various purposes, particularly Hazard's brewery and Rowe's soap manufactory. Osterly House, originally erected by Sir Thomas Gresham in the reign of Elizabeth, was rebuilt in 1760, and is now the residence of the Earl of Jersey. There are some magnificent rooms in the interior. Crossing Brentford Bridge, a narrow turning to the left will conduct us to Sion Park, where is a spacious though plain mansion, occupied by the Duke of Northumberland. In 1440 there was a convent on the site, which is said to have had a subaqueous tunnel under the river, terminating at Kew; and scandalously alleged to have enabled the monks, on the other side, to pay sly visits to the fair sisters of St. Bridget. After the manor had been granted in 1604 to the Earl of Northumberland, the mansion afforded a temporary shelter to the children of Charles I., and here Queen Anne resided before she ascended the throne. At the southern extremity of Sion Park we pass through a small wicket into the pretty village of *Isleworth*, where the excursionist, if he feel so disposed, can cross the Thames by ferry for a penny, and proceed to Richmond by the banks of the river. (See *Richmond*.)

Isleworth Church is ancient, with a picturesque tapestry of ivy about the tower. An extensive tract of highly cultivated market-ground lies about here, and hence the metropolis derives an immense vegetable supply. A road through Smallbury Green conducts us to *Hounslow*, a town which has almost relapsed into insignificance since the opening of the Great Western Railway. The inns are shorn of all their

former glory, and it has been calculated that 1,800 horses have been taken off the road from this place alone. In the High Street is Trinity Church, built in the Italian style. Hounslow Heath, the terror of travellers fifty years ago, is now harmlessly devoted to the dwellings of peaceful householders. The powder mills of Curtis and Harvey are to the south of the town, in the midst of a copse of fir trees. There are barracks for cavalry, that are wont to exercise on the open grounds adjacent. *Sunbury*, an agreeable village on the banks of the Thames, is about three miles from the powder mills.

Should opportunity offer, we can specially commend a walk of four miles from Hounslow to *Harlington*, a little village by Cranford Bridge, where there is an old church with a fine Norman porch. In the churchyard is a venerable yew tree, said to have been growing in the year 1729, with a trunk even then measuring twenty feet in circumference. It was sixty feet high, and according to a local poet, one John Saxy—who perpetuated its fame in verse—could have sheltered beneath its branches a troop of horse-guards. Viscount Bolingbroke was very partial to this spot, and D'Oyley House, where he resided, has still a wing remaining, to attest the stability of the Viscount's mansion. We are now three miles from the Southall Station, and can proceed thither by Cranford Park, where the late Countess of Berkeley lived and died, and so return by the Great Western Railway to town. *Cranford* and *West Drayton* are not worth extending the walk in a more northerly direction, and if the excursionist goes from Harlington round by *Norwood*, a short mile and a half from the Southall Station, he will be fully recompensed by the seclusion of this primitive-looking village, which contains a church built five centuries ago, and noticeable for its wooden belfry and tiled roof. The route home, by the Great Western Railway, has been already indicated in our previous excursion.

Should the Fulham Road have been approached through Knightsbridge, instead of from Chelsea, it should not be for-

gotten, as we pass Sloane Street, that Han's Place, close by, is somewhat remarkable for the number of eminent authoresses who have there resided, amongst whom have been Lady Caroline Lamb, Lady Bulwer, Miss Mitford, Miss Emma Roberts, and Letitia Landon, the "L. E. L." of poetic memory. Brompton has long been the favorite abiding-place of actors and authors. At Brompton Square (No. 22), died George Colman "the younger," in October 1836, aged 74. A little beyond the square is Brompton New Church, in which John Reeve, the Adelphi Momus, was consigned to his last home. His tomb is to the back of the church, on the left, and close to the pathway. By the "Admiral Keppel," in the Fulham Road, is a row of houses called Amelia Place, in the last of which Curran died, in 1817. The tavern called the "Goat-in-Boots" has a sign touched up, if not painted, by George Morland, the eccentric but clever artist. The odd appellation of the inn doubtless arose from the Dutch legend, "*Mercurius is der Goden Boode*" (Mercury is the Messenger of the Gods), which has been twisted into an English shape as we at present behold it.

EXCURSION IV.

STOKE NEWINGTON — STAMFORD HILL — THE NEW RIVER — TOTTENHAM — ENFIELD — WALTHAM CROSS — CHESHUNT — RICHARD CROMWELL — BROXBOURNE — IZAAK WALTON — HODDESDON — HERTFORD — PANSHANGER — AMWELL — WARE — HATFIELD.

OUR next excursion is in a northerly direction, and may be comfortably accomplished in a day, with the aid of omnibuses and short stages, interspersed with a little pedestrianism. Taking a conveyance from either the Bank or Bishopsgate Street to Stoke Newington, which is three miles from Shoreditch, we may first alight to look at the church, an interesting antique structure, with some curious monuments. At a house in Church Street, more prominently venerable than the rest, Daniel De Foe resided, and is said within those very walls to have written "Robinson Crusoe." There is no necessity for another word to enchain the attention of the spectator—the old building becomes in a moment encompassed with a halo of glory, and the familiar associations inseparably linked with the Desert Island come thronging up around us as we gaze. A little further on Mrs. Ireton, the daughter of Cromwell, once lived, for in her day this was the fashionable suburb; and a few doors beyond, at a house somewhat similar in its primitive aspect to that we have pointed out as De Foe's, the kind-hearted Dr. Watts fixed his dwelling. Howard the Philanthropist—what a noble distinctive adjunct to a name!—Dr. Aiken, Mrs. Barbauld, and others of similarly peaceful literary pursuits, were long inhabitants of these precincts, and it is just the kind of tranquil locality one would fancy them to have chosen. At the back of the church is a lane lined with lofty trees, known as "Queen Elizabeth's Walk," and at the end is

a building where she is said to have held her assignations with the Earl of Leicester. Abney Park Cemetery, on the site of the Manor House belonging to Sir Thomas Abney, the intimate friend of Dr. Watts, is set apart for Dissenters, and has some grounds neatly laid out. *Stamford Hill*, overlooking the pleasant valley of the Lea, is a little further on, and amongst its elegant villas is one belonging to the Rothschilds'. Near here is the New River reservoir, which supplies London with water. During the thirty miles of its course, it is crossed by 215 bridges. The descent not being great enough, a huge steam pump is kept going night and day, which forces it up to the summit of the highest houses. Sir Hugh Myddleton, the originator of this noble scheme, fixed upon two springs in Hertfordshire for the source, one near Ware at Chadwell, the other at Amwell. After many delays, the work was commenced on the 20th of February, 1608. In about five years it was completed, and in 1622 the skilful and enterprising "citizen and goldsmith" was knighted. For eighteen years afterwards it yielded no dividend, and then but a trifle; now a share is worth £14,000. About thirty million gallons of water are daily distributed through the pipes of the company.

On the high road between Hornsey, Tottenham, and Southgate, is *Wood Green*, as charming a spot as its sylvan name implies, and one of the many rural nooks with which the environs abound. On one side of the Green a district church of stone, in the early English style, with a bell gable, has been lately erected in excellent taste. Here is the Asylum of "The Fishmongers' and Poulterers' Institution," of which the first stone was laid by Lord Morpeth in June, 1847. It is a cleverly designed building, of the Elizabethan character, and the central portion especially, with its towers and vanes, very effectively picturesque. The plot of ground attached comprises nearly four acres, so that there will be ample room in this happy haven for the peaceful enjoyment of those who may seek in it a retreat from the storms of life and consolation in beclouded old age. On the opposite side of the church (as appears from

an inscription) the Letter-press Printers of London have selected a plot of ground, for the erection of almshouses for the aged members of their profession. A more salubrious spot could not have been chosen; and we understand that the first stone of the asylum will shortly be laid. W. Webb, Esq., the architect of the Fishmongers' and Poulterers' Institution, has also been selected to erect that of the Printers. How glorious the thought, in threading the environs of our great metropolis, that almost every pleasant nook has been made available for such philanthropic designs as these neighbouring and kindred institutions.

On the same road, two miles from Stoke Newington, is *Tottenham* with its ancient cross, one of those erected by Edward I. in 1290, as an affectionate remembrance of it being one of the funeral resting places of Eleanor, his deceased Queen. The station of the Eastern Counties Railway is a short distance from the town. Two miles further is *Edmonton*, linked with the humours of the adventurous flight of John Gilpin, as recorded by Cowper, and which are perpetuated pictorially by a painting over the "Bell" Inn. The church in Lower Edmonton has got some attractions in its old tower of three centuries back, but the remaining portion was rebuilt in 1772. This is now also a railway station. Winchmore Hill, a mile to the west, is a favourite suburban retreat. *Enfield* has nothing to boast of now but the memory of its "Chase," an extensive tract of woodland, formerly a favorite hunting ground for royalty, but disafforested in 1777. White Webbs, near Enfield Wash, was where the associates of Guy Fawkes retired to await the result of the Gunpowder Plot. Skirting the woody glades of Theobalds Park, where Lord Burleigh built a palace in the reign of Elizabeth, and where James I. died in 1625, we enter Hertfordshire, and approach the neat town of *Waltham Cross*, eleven miles from town by the road, and a railway station of the Eastern Counties. The cross that gives name to the place was restored in 1834, and is a fine specimen of the pointed style of architecture in vogue about

the thirteenth century, in the last ten years of which it was originally built. It is one of about fifteen that were erected by King Edward I., in memory of his affectionate and devoted wife, Eleanor of Castile, to mark the spot where the bier rested for the night in the long and melancholy journey which he himself made with it from Herdely in Nottinghamshire, near which place she died, to Westminster Abbey, where her remains were interred in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor. It is of an hexagonal form, and divided into three compartments, each presenting a statue of the Queen. The cross is adjoining the Falcon Inn, a little out of the main road as you go down to the railway station.

Cheshunt, two miles further, is chiefly noticeable for its park, where Wolsey had a temporary residence, and where Richard Cromwell, the son of the Protector, and himself the brief possessor of a similar dignity, passed the quiet hours of his peaceful life. To avoid the curiosity of visitors he went for some time under a feigned name, sometimes calling himself Mr. Wallis, and more generally Mr. Richard Clark. He was then a quiet country old gentleman, who seemed contented to forget all his former family greatness. Dr. Watts used frequently to come over from Stoke Newington and pay him a visit, and he used to say that he never heard him allude to his former station except once, and then only in a very distant manner. Here he hunted, shot, hawked, and fished to the last year of his green old age. It is reported that he enjoyed an uninterrupted state of health, and that when he was 80 years old he could gallop his horse for miles without drawing rein or feeling fatigue. Richard Cromwell died here at the age of 86, in 1712, the last year of the reign of Queen Anne. His remains were removed with some pomp from Hertfordshire to Hampshire, and deposited near those of his beloved wife Dorothy, and his son Oliver, in the chancel of Hursley Church. Several Roman coins have been found in the neighbourhood.

Broxbourne, the next place of interest, is sixteen miles from town, and a pleasant fishing station, on the Cambridge line of

the Eastern Counties Railway, near where the branch diverges to Hertford and Ware. The church is old, with some handsome monuments, and the country round is pastoral and well watered by the Stort and Lea. Crossing the little bridge over the railway, it is worth while to visit Want's hostel, and whilst enjoying a fish dinner, which you can have here in perfection, with "chops to follow," in the most approved city fashion, indulge in a reminiscence of old Izaak Walton, who hath so intimately associated himself with the scenery hereabout. The "flowery meads" and the "crystal streams," on which he loved so much to descant, are little changed by time. We can almost point out the spot where he gives his precepts to the scholar, as they sit and discourse, whilst "a smoking shower passes off, freshening all the meadows and the flowers," and fancy the exact honeysuckle hedge where they did once rest "while a shower falls, and encounter a handsome milkmaid and her mother, who sing to them that smooth song, which was made by Kit Marlow—'Come, live with me and be my love,' and the answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, and sung by him in his younger days." And we can swear to the identity of the little ale-house, well known to Piscators, where they found "a cleanly room, with lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the walls," and where, having made a supper of their gallant trout, they drink their ale, tell tales, sing ballads, or join with a brother angler, who drops in, in a merry catch till sleep overpowers them and they retire to their hostess's two beds, the "linen of which looks white and smells of lavender," whilst old Izaak sheds his last benediction on "all that are lovers of virtue and dare trust in Providence and go a-angling." Who hath not felt the luxuriant freshness which abideth for ever in the pages of the "Complete Angler?"

Hoddesdon is peculiarly noted for some of the oldest inns in the county, and for a fine water conduit in the centre of the town, the gift of Sir Marmaduke Rawdon, in 1679, and commemorated by the poet Matthew Prior. Rawdon House is a

venerable mansion, recently restored from the state of decay into which it had fallen a few years back, and should be visited by all who have an eye for the picturesque of architecture. At Haileybury, north of the road, is the East India College, founded in 1806, for the scientific education of the civil officers sent out to India. The Oriental languages are here taught to about a hundred students.

Hertford, the county town, is five miles from Hoddesdon, and twenty-one miles from Shoreditch Church, by the road, agreeably situated on the Lea near its junction with four smaller rivers, and in the midst of a fine agricultural district, long famous for its growth of corn. It has all the importance derived from antiquity, and once had a castle, where Queen Elizabeth resided, and John, King of France, and David, King of Scotland, were both kept prisoners of war. The wall and mound are still visible, but a private residence was about a century ago erected on its site. Besides the two remaining parish churches—there were once five—the County Hall and the Preparatory School for Christ's Hospital are the chief public buildings. This admirable scholastic establishment is in the London Road, and affords education to about 400 boys and 80 girls, having an infirmary for 100 children, whenever occasion should require. Two miles from Hertford, on the banks of the river Maran, is *Penshanger*, the seat of Earl Cowper, who has claimed the honor of a descent from the poet. In the park, which is laid out in a pretty sylvan style, is a remarkable oak, measuring at five feet from the ground nearly seventeen feet in circumference. *Amwell*, the chief source of the New River supply, is three miles from Hertford, and worth the pilgrimage to its picturesque precincts. The spring issues from a hill on which the church is built, and there is a monument here to the memory of Sir Hugh Myddelton, erected in 1800, which records the success of his experiment. The family seem to have derived little benefit from the enterprise and exertions of their ancestor. Lady Myddelton, the mother of the last Sir Hugh, received a

pension of twenty pounds per annum from the Goldsmiths' Company.

Ware is so closely linked to Hertford, by its two miles of intermediate buildings, that few who visit Hertford would leave the neighbourhood without going to Ware, if only on account of the famous Great Bed, which has enjoyed, in legendary lore and antiquarian history, a reputation of some six centuries. The curious may behold this remarkably antique piece of furniture at the Saracen's Head Hotel, from which the late Duke of Norfolk offered to take it to Arundel Castle, for a consideration of 100 guineas; but the proprietor of the inn manfully resisted the temptation. The dimensions, however much beyond modern dormitory notions, are somewhat disappointing—12 feet square being the superficies covered. Antiquarians differ, much as usual, about its origin, but the majority assign it to the time of Edward the Second, whose state bed it is presumed to have been. The church contains some brasses dating back to 1454, and there is a tomb commemorative of Elizabeth de Clare, grand-daughter of Edward I. Sir Henry Fanshaw, to whom Ware Park belonged in 1625, is also buried here.

Hatfield, seven miles from Hertford, and five from St. Alban's, is a delightful drive when opportunity offers. Hatfield House, the seat of the Earl of Salisbury, is a fine old mansion in the Elizabethan style, and was honored, in the autumn of 1846, by a visit from her present Majesty. It was originally the palace of the Bishop of Ely, and was rebuilt by Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, in the early part of the reign of James I. In 1835 a portion of the west wing was destroyed by fire, and the dowager Marchioness burned to death, since which period it has been closed to the public. On the right, at the end of the avenue in the Park, is "Queen Elizabeth's oak," said to be the tree under which Elizabeth was sitting when the news of Queen Mary's death was brought to her. A great part of the trunk has been protected by a leaden covering and enclosed by a low fence. The

garden adjoining the remains of the old palace is a quaint specimen of Elizabeth's horticultural taste, and contains a rock-work basin of water, with at each angle a mulberry tree, reputed to have been planted by King James, her successor. The celebrated vineyard was cleared away a few years ago, and is now turned into a kitchen garden. The interior is magnificently appointed, and within the last three years no less than £50,000 have been expended on the embellishments. The views from the mansion are exceedingly fine. To the west is the venerable Abbey Church of St. Albans, then Sandridge Hill, and Brockett Hall and Park, the seat of Lord Melbourne, appear, with Wood Hall Parks towards the north; Digswell House, Tewin Water, and Panshanger, lay to the east; and the south presents two interesting localities in Gobions, near North Mims, once a seat of Sir Thomas More, and Tyttenhanger, once the residence of the powerful Abbots of Saint Albans, to which, in 1528, Henry VIII. and Queen Katherine retired for the summer season.

We have here made a somewhat extensive *detour*, but the excursionist can consult his own inclination as to the way in which he shall avail himself of the means of progress to the localities indicated. Be it remembered, however, that the line of the Eastern Counties Railway passes for some distance almost parallel with his route. There are stations at Waltham (14 miles by railway), Broxbourne (19), St. Margarets (22), Ware (24½), and Hertford (26), at either of which he can take the train, and so return to town. Or the return from Hatfield can be varied by taking the road back through Chipping Barnet, Whetstone, and Highgate, a distance of twenty miles. Coaches and minor conveyances pass along what may still be called the "Great North Road" several times a day.

EXCURSION V.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY—SLOUGH—WINDSOR—WINDSOR CASTLE—SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL—THE ROUND TOWER—ARRANGEMENTS OF ADMISSION—THE STATE APARTMENTS—THE SLOPES—WINDSOR PARK—THE LONG WALK—EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEORGE III.—VIRGINIA WATER—BELVIDERE—THE CASCADE—FISHING TEMPLE—THE GRECIAN RUIN—BISHOPSGATE—SHELLEY—STOKE POGIS—GRAY—BURNHAM BEECHES.

For the accomplishment of this we must resort to steam, and the locomotive powers of the Great Western Railway, which will enable us to alight at the *Slough Station*, and bring us within a short distance of the many interesting localities that will occupy the busy day before us. Slough is 18 miles from the Paddington Terminus, and within three miles of Windsor, to which an omnibus will convey the passenger for a small charge. Crossing the bridge, which spanning the Thames connects *Eton* with Windsor, we may glance at the celebrated college, founded in 1442 by Henry VI., console ourselves with a passing quotation from Gray's ode on a distant prospect of its towers, for the bygone glories of its vanished "Montem," and then enter the royal town, that has been for centuries the chosen seat of the kings and queens of England. *Windsor Park* and *Windsor Castle* possess, with the surrounding scenery, inexhaustible attractions for the stranger, and lose none of their charms even after an acquaintance of several years. So long back as the days of the early Saxons, when *Windleshora* was its name, from the windings of the Thames, a castle stood at Old Windsor, appropriated to the crown as a palatial residence. William the Conqueror next built a far better structure on the present site, and laid the foundation of

its future importance. Here Henry I. held his court, and having enlarged the castle with "many fair buildings," kept the festival of Whitsuntide with unusual solemnities in 1110. In the time of Stephen it was the second fortress in the kingdom, and sustained several changes of masters during the wars between the crown and the barons, in the turbulent reigns of John and Henry III. Edward the Third was born here, and extended the structure, on a most expensive scale, in 1356. William of Wykeham was the architect, and it is recorded that in one year 660 workmen were impressed to be employed at the king's wages—no very liberal remuneration, we may be sure, when the architect himself had only a shilling a day. The festivals of the Order of the Garter were here celebrated with great splendour. For the especial service of this order, Edward III. erected at Windsor a chapel dedicated to St. George, but the present beautiful chapel is of much later date. It was begun by Edward IV., who found it necessary to take down the original fabric, on account of its decayed state, and was not completed until the beginning of Henry the Eighth's reign. It was here that Richard II. heard the appeal of high treason brought by the Duke of Lancaster against Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, and which ended in the former becoming Henry IV. The Earl of Surrey, imprisoned for violating the canons of the church by eating flesh in Lent, here wooed the muse in his retirement, and here was the last prison of that unfortunate monarch, Charles I. Passing over the intermediate reigns, as presenting little of interest in connection with the building, we may mention that George III. dwelt for many years in a white-washed house, at the foot of his own palace, till he was persuaded at length to occupy the old castle. George IV., soon after his succession, commenced some extensive improvements, and, under the superintendence of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, it was thoroughly renovated, and in many portions rebuilt. With this brief preparatory glance at its former history, we now proceed up Castle Street, and commence our rapid survey of its most prominent features.

The usual entrance is under Henry the Eighth's gateway, leading to the lower ward, and close to that magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture, *St. George's Chapel*. Though this building and its decorations are pre-eminently beautiful, it is perfectly of a devotional character. The richly decorated roof, supported on clustered columns, the "storied windows, richly dight," the banners and escutcheons of the knights of the garter, and the massive floor of marble, all unite to produce a striking and impressive effect. As works of art, the monuments in the chapel are, perhaps, disappointing. Edward IV. is buried here, beneath that remarkable specimen of elaborate ingenuity, the iron tomb of Quintin Matsys, the artist-blacksmith of Antwerp; and in the opposite aisle, under a plain marble stone, his unhappy rival, Henry VI., is interred. Henry VIII. and Charles I. are entombed under the choir, without any memorial, and there is a cenotaph, by Wyatt, to the memory of the Princess Charlotte. At the foot of the altar is a subterraneous passage, communicating with the tomb house, in which is the cemetery of the present race of monarchs, containing, amongst others, the remains of George III. and Queen Charlotte, George IV., William IV., the Duke of York, Duke of Kent, and the Princesses Amelia, Augusta, and Charlotte. From the east end of the lower ward we pass into the middle ward, bounded by a low battlement, enclosing a deep moat cultivated as a garden. The *Round Tower*, with the royal standard floating from the summit, hence appears to great advantage, and twelve counties are within its ken. This "keep," as it is sometimes called, as it formed the prison of the castle till 1660, is not a perfect circle, for it is 192 feet in its greatest diameter, and 93 in its smallest; its height is 80 feet from the top of the mound; watch tower twenty-five more; and its entire height, from the level of the quadrangle, 148 feet. In the Great Quadrangle, at the base of the Round Tower, is a bronze statue of Charles II., erected, in 1679, at the expense of one Tobias Rustah, described by Evelyn as "a very simple, ignorant, but honest and loyal creature," and

who thus bestowed a thousand pounds. The pedestal, by Grinling Gibbons, is very fine. On the north side of this quadrangle is King John's Tower, and the space between this and the massive square tower beyond is occupied by the Queen's Audience Chamber, at which the suite of state apartments commences. The projecting doorway is the state entrance, on a line with which is the vestibule, continued through to George the Fourth's Tower in the North Terrace, whence there is a magnificent vista of nearly three miles. The North Terrace is open every day; the others, only on Saturdays and Sundays. Whilst on this subject, we may as well append the other regulations of admission. *St. George's Chapel* is open daily, during Divine service, at half-past 10, a.m., and half-past 4, p.m. The *Round Tower* is open daily. The *State Apartments* on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; hours from 11 till 6.

Within our prescribed limits it is manifestly impossible to give more than a mere enumeration of the State Apartments, which form a series unequalled in Europe for magnificence.

Approaching through the gothic porch at the north-west angle of the upper ward, we are led by a fine staircase to the *Audience Chamber*, hung with Gobelin tapestry, and embellished with a painted ceiling by Verrio. The *Presence Chamber*, or Ball-room, for which purpose it is generally appropriated, is a spacious apartment, 90 feet long, 32 broad, and 33 feet high, opening, at the southern end, into St. George's Hall, and terminating at Cornwall Tower on the North Terrace. The decorations are in the *Louis Quatorze* style. The *Vandyke Room* comprises a fine collection of the works of that eminent master, twenty-two in number. The "Five Children of Charles the First," over the chimney piece, and a picture representing that unfortunate monarch on horseback, at the end of the room, are particularly admired. The *Guard Chamber* is very attractive to visitors, and is 78 feet long and 31 feet high. It contains Chantrey's colossal bust of Nelson, and part of the foremast of the *Victory*; the

Blenheim white banner; a bust of *the* Duke of Marlborough; Cellini's silver shield, inlaid with gold, presented by Francis I., of France, to Henry VIII.; and a bust, by Chantrey, of the Duke of Wellington, with the last annual banner presented on the Waterloo anniversary, in memory of the tenure by which Strathfieldsaye is held. The walls are decorated with arms. *St. George's Hall*, with its portraits of eleven of our latest sovereigns, and the *Waterloo Gallery*, pictorially presenting the most eminent statesmen and soldiers connected with that decisive battle, are sure to engage the visitor's attention. The other apartments are enriched with numerous paintings by the most distinguished masters, but the catalogues describing them are so cheap, and so complete, that it would be useless for us to encroach on pages that might be much better occupied than by giving a mere list of pictures, which space would not permit us to dwell upon as they deserve.

Beneath the North Terrace are the *Slopes*, extending into the *Home* (or *Little*) *Park*, which has been for a long period an appurtenance to the castle. Near the avenue called "Queen Elizabeth's Walk" tradition still points out a withered tree as the identical oak of "Herne the Hunter," who, as the old tale goes,

"Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about the oak with great ragged horns."

The *Long Walk*, affording perhaps the finest vista of the kind in the world, extends from the principal entrance of the castle to the top of a commanding hill in the Great Park, called Snow Hill, a distance of three miles. There is a splendid prospect at the end, affording a panoramic view of several memorable places, endeared by historical and poetic associations. A mile to the eastward, on the same hilly ridge where we stand, is "Cooper's Hill," the subject of a pleasant descriptive poem by Sir John Denham; Windsor Castle appears in all its massive grandeur beneath us; to the right is the

Thames, seen beyond Charter Island, and the little plain of Runnymede, where the turbulent barons extorted "Magna Charta" from King John; whilst far beyond, in the blue distance, are the hills of Harrow and Hampstead. On the summit of this hill, where the avenue terminates, was placed, in the summer of 1832, a colossal bronze equestrian statue of George the Third, by Westmacott. The total elevation is more than 50 feet; the statue, without the pedestal, being 26 feet high. The likeness is very striking, but the Roman costume, adopted as being more manageable in art than a square-cut coat and military jack boots, will convey an odd notion, a thousand years hence, of the King of England's dress in the nineteenth century.

Of course, those who can afford the time will not leave Windsor Park without seeing *Virginia Water*, which was planted and the lake formed by Paul Sandby, when the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, resided at the lodge, which still bears his name, about three miles from Windsor. The lake is the largest artificial piece of water in the kingdom, if that can be called artificial where man has only collected the streams of the district into a natural basin. The surrounding scenery is exceedingly pleasing and picturesque. After passing through a woody dell, we come to some serpentine walks, which lead in different directions; those to the right conducting us to a somewhat steep hill, on the summit of which stands a handsome gothic battlemented building, called the *Belvidere*; and those to the left leading to the margin of the lake. At the head of the lake is a cascade, descending some twenty feet, over massive fragments of stone, into a dark glen or ravine. Near it is an obelisk standing on a small mount, and bearing the following inscription, added by William IV.:—"This obelisk was raised by the command of George II., after the battle of Culloden, in commemoration of the services of his son William, Duke of Cumberland, the success of his arms, and the gratitude of his father." There is a road hence to the banks of the lake, where we can reach

a rustic bridge, and get a fine view of the waterfall and its cavern adjacent, formed of stones brought from Bagshot Heath, where they indicated the ruins of a Saxon cromlech. At the point where the lake is widest, a fishing temple was erected by George IV.

A bold arch carries the public road to *Blacknest*, over a portion of the grounds, and adjoining is an ornamental ruin, called the "Temple of the Gods," manufactured from some really antique fragments of Greek columns and pediments, that used to lie in the court yard of the British Museum. The effect is striking, and much more so if the spectator will for a moment let fancy delude him into the belief that he is gazing on a real temple of ancient Athens. The tall trees, clustering round in one part, and in another opening on to glades of truly sylvan aspect, impart a romantic beauty to the landscape from this point, which utterly defies description. It is worth while to cross the little bridge above alluded to, and, passing one of the streams that feed the lake, pursue its windings among the underwood, or strike into the path which leads to *Bishop's-gate*, a beautiful village, environed by all the charms of wood and water diversity. Here resided for some time Shelley, who has consecrated the allurements of this spot by some of his finest poems, written in the vicinity. There are several ways of approaching Virginia Water, each so attractive that it is difficult to decide upon the best; but, by whichever route the excursionist comes, we would suggest the adoption of another road for the return. About two miles beyond the town of Egham is a neat wayside inn, called the "*Wheat-sheaf*," from the garden of which there is direct access to the lake. From Egham Hill a road diverges through Windsor Park to Reading, nineteen miles distant. A few hundred yards above the inn is a branch road to the right, leading to Blacknest, where there is also an entrance through the keeper's lodge. Besides this, there is a delightful drive of five miles to Virginia Water from Chertsey.

Stoke Pogis, two miles from Slough, is hallowed ground,

from containing the churchyard which suggested Gray's well-known "Elegy," as well as the remains of the pensive poet himself. Gray died on the 30th of July, 1771, in the 55th year of his age, and was buried, according to his own affectionate wish, by the side of his mother; thus adding another poetical association to this beautiful and classic region. *Burnham* is a small, but most picturesque village, four miles from Slough, with a marvellous miniature forest, called "*Burnham Beeches*"—the finest spot in the world for a pic-nic, and absolutely unrivalled for the romantic character of its sylvan scenery. There are the ruins of an Augustine Nunnery close by, which, though now partly fashioned into a farm-house, had the honour of having been built by an expatriated king of the Romans, in 1228. A pedestrian of congenial temperament, who rambles down here in the dawn of a summer's morning, would find it no easy matter to tear himself away before twilight. The Great Western Railway is again our connecting link with town, and hence the train will bear us back to those gas-lit streets, which, in their noisy bustle and confusion, will contrast so strangely with the sylvan glades and tranquil solitudes from which we have just departed.

EXCURSION VI.

NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY (Station EUSTON SQUARE)
—WATFORD—CASHIOBURY HOUSE AND PARK—ST. ALBAN'S—
THE ABBEY—TOMB OF LORD BACON—SOPWELL NUNNERY
—KING'S LANGLEY—ABBOT'S LANGLEY—NICHOLAS
BREAKSPEARE—BOXMOOR—TWO WATERS—THE RETURN BY
RAILWAY.

THE North Western, or London and Birmingham Railway, is the best and quickest mode of transit for our present interesting excursion. We have already described (*Excursion II.*) the scenery along the line to Harrow; so, to avoid unnecessary repetition, we shall presume a ticket has been taken to the *Watford Station*, and proceed with our delineation of the objects encountered between that place and our temporary destination. After leaving the Harrow Station, we cross in a few minutes the Oxhey ridge, about thirteen miles from London, and pass from Middlesex into Hertfordshire. It is a portion of that high ground which runs round the northern and western extremity of the former county. We next enter the valley of the Colne, which river is formed by the junction of several small streams uniting at North Mims; about half-way between St. Alban's and Watford, it is joined by another stream, and then, passing Watford, it takes a western course to Rickmansworth, and finally falls into the Thames at Staines. Just beyond Bushey a handsome viaduct conducts us over the Colne, and shortly after we arrive at the Watford Station, which is about a mile from the town.

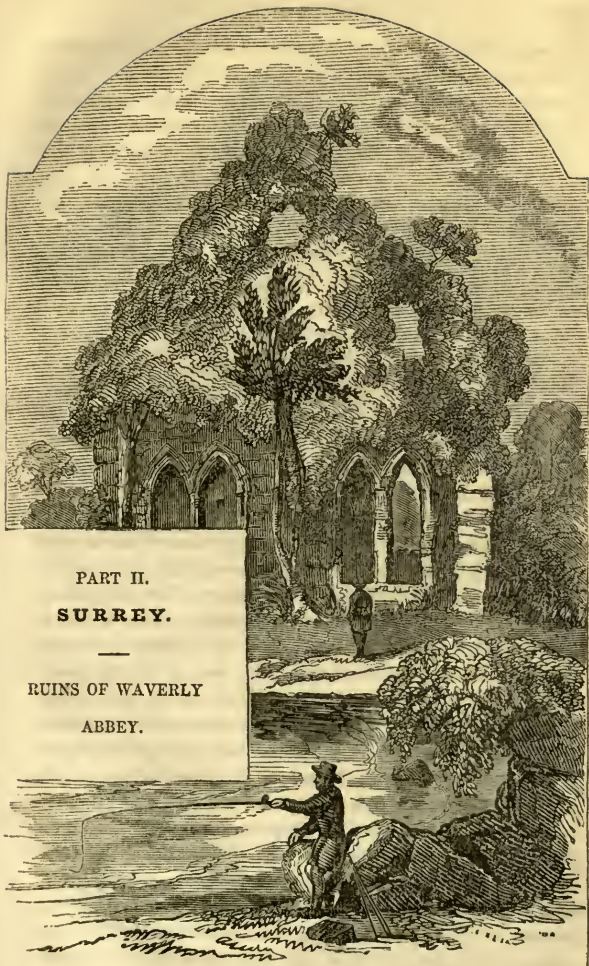
Watford, which though eighteen miles from London by railway, is only fifteen by the road, is a busy, thriving, and populous little town, albeit deficient in those points of picturesque or antiquarian interest which are so pleasant to

encounter in a trip out of town. It consists principally of one long street, in the centre of which is the church, an ancient structure with a fine embattled tower and lofty spire, and containing two noticeable monuments, by Nicolas Stone, to the two Sir Charles Morrisons. But, if Watford itself be scant of attraction, ample amends are made by a certain large domain at the north-west of the town, called *Cashiobury*, the seat of the Earl of Essex, and said to have been anciently the residence of the Kings of Mercia. The mansion once belonged to the monastery of St. Alban's, and is still, though much modernised by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, a fine specimen of the castellated buildings of yore. There is within, besides some rare articles of *vertu*, a good collection of modern paintings, which are shown to visitors throughout the year, on Mondays and Thursdays, from 11 till 5. The park is an extensive tract of woodland, well kept, and laid out in the best taste, with a sort of Swiss summer-house on the banks of the Grand Junction Canal, by which it is intersected. We need hardly remind the reader that one of the favorites of our early play-going days, "sweet Kitty Stephens," of musical memory, afterwards became the Countess of Essex. *Grove Park*, adjoining, is the residence of the Earl of Clarendon.

Seven miles from Watford is *St. Alban's*, twenty-one miles from town, and so venerable that, even in the time of the Romans, it was an ancient city. The ground about here is full of historical recollections. It was here that, in 1066, Fritheric, abbot of St. Alban's, compelled the Norman Conqueror to concede some important privileges. Here, in 1455, was fought the famous battle in which the Duke of York defeated Henry VI., and took him prisoner; and here, six years afterwards, the Yorkists, under the king-making Earl of Warwick, were defeated by the Lancastrians under Queen Margaret, and the king liberated. But, regardless of other attractions, we stroll first to the old Abbey, which, even in its present decadence, exhibits conspicuous signs of its former power and grandeur. The Abbey of St. Alban's is now 600

feet long, 174 feet wide, and 65 feet high. The elevation of the great tower is 174 feet. Offa the Great, King of Mercia, was its founder in 795, and dedicated it to Alban, a native of Verulam, who had been a soldier at Rome, suffered martyrdom for his faith, and, being the first Briton who had been put to death for his religious opinions, was called "England's first martyr." From this period the ancient Verulam of the Romans was thence called St. Alban's. For more than seven centuries the Abbey flourished in great splendour; its buildings, erected from time to time, causing it to resemble a town rather than a religious house. The kings of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were frequently entertained in its magnificent apartments, and its annual revenue was estimated at £2,500—an enormous sum in the days when a fat oxen was purchaseable for a few shillings. This immense establishment has now dwindled to a few scattered walls, a gatehouse, and the present parochial church, which, at the destruction of convents, was purchased by the corporation. In consequence of some large masses of the Abbey battlements falling in upon the roof, in 1832, the whole fabric was put under repair, at an outlay of nearly £20,000, and it now presents an edifice equal in magnitude as well as decoration to some of our largest cathedrals. Here may be seen the monuments of many illustrious men, particularly those to St. Alban himself, Sir John Mandeville, one of our earliest travellers, who well earned the privilege of seeing "strange things," and the "good Duke Humphrey" of Gloucester, brother of Henry V., whose hospitality still lingers in the memory of those who have no other dinner invitation. But there is yet another shrine, to which a pilgrimage must be made. The great Lord Chancellor Bacon—whose residence was Gorhambury House, now the seat of the Earls of Verulam—lies buried in the ancient church of St. Michael's, under a marble tomb, where his effigy in stone records his world-wide fame, with the simple inscription of "*Franciscus Bacon.*" The ruins of Sopwell Nunnery, where King Henry VIII. and Anna Boleyn

used to come and have a quiet *tête-à-tête* to themselves, may still be seen on the south bank of the Verulam river. If the excursionist wishes to diversify his route home, we recommend to him a stroll of about five miles to *King's Langley*, where there is a station at which he can rejoin the railway. King's Langley was a part of the royal demesne, and there was anciently here a royal house, where Edmund de Langley, fifth son of Edward III., was born. This same prince lies in the old Norman Church on the hill, by the river side; and here, also, Richard II. was for a short time interred. *Abbot's Langley* is chiefly remarkable as the birthplace of Nicholas De Camera, better known as Nicholas Breakspeare, and who becoming Pope, as Adrian IV., is the only Englishman that ever assumed the Papal dignity. It is said, when a youth he endeavoured to obtain admission into the monastery of St. Alban's, but being rejected, on account of his incomplete studies, he went to Paris and applied himself to divinity. He seems to have well remembered the place of his nativity, for, when he attained the triple crown, he gave to the Abbot of St. Alban's a grant of precedence over all others. Should our companion like a ramble with his rod and line, he will probably go on to the *Boxmoor Station*, two miles from Hemel Hempstead, with its agreeable environs. Boxmoor can only boast of a few houses, but the words "*Fishery Inn*," on a plain but rural wayside hostel, will remind the disciple of Izaak Walton that he is close upon *Twowaters*—the junction of the Bulbourn and the Gade, a famous Hertfordshire locality for fly-fishing. Here he can await the arrival of the last train from Birmingham, and, having profited by the exercise of the "gentle craft," return in time to have the produce of his piscatorial skill prepared for supper, or to enjoy the more substantial chop, with its appendages, at one of the west-end refectories.



PART II.
SURREY.

RUINS OF WAVERLY
ABBEY.

EXCURSION I.

TO **RICHMOND** BY RAILWAY (Station WATERLOO ROAD) OR STEAMBOAT—VAUXHALL—WANDSWORTH—PUTNEY—WIMBLEDON—BARNES—BARN ELMS—MORTLAKE—KEW GARDENS—RICHMOND—RICHMOND HILL AND PARK—PETERSHAM—TWICKENHAM—TWICKENHAM AIT—TEDDINGTON—HAMPTON COURT—THE PALACE.—BUSHEY PARK—THE STATE APARTMENTS—THE PICTURE GALLERIES—THE PRIVATE GARDENS—THE WILDERNESS—THE MAZE—THE VINE—ARRANGEMENTS OF ADMISSION—KINGSTON—SURBITON—THE RETURN BY THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

RICHMOND is now rendered so promptly accessible by railway, that few at all familiar with the scenery of the Thames above bridge will prefer to the rapid transit of the train the slower progress of the steamboat. As we intend, however, to give an ample account of those places that, contiguous to the railway, are yet observable on the south bank of the river, our description will serve the same, whether the trip be made by land or water. Starting from the terminus of the *South-Western Railway, Waterloo Road*, we speedily cross the open tract of garden ground known as Battersea fields, where, in 1604, was grown the first asparagus known in England. Clapham old church, with the rising terraces of villas and trees seen beyond, next engages our attention to the left. In the opposite direction is Battersea Church, containing a monument, by Roubiliac, to Henry St. John Viscount Bolingbroke, who was born here; and another to one Sir Edward Winter, an East India Captain in the reign of Charles II., who, among other extraordinary feats duly recorded, overthrew sixty mounted Hindoos single-handed. *Wandsworth*, on the banks of the "crystal Wandle," which here flows into the Thames, has several oil, corn, and other mills worked by the stream.

Numerous elegant villas have been erected in the neighbourhood within the last few years. The church was rebuilt in 1780, and the tower in 1841; one of Henry the Fifth's officers, who served at Agincourt, is buried here. In addition to several free-schools, maintained by charitable bequests, there are various places of worship free for Nonconformists, and here assembled, in 1570, the first congregation of Presbyters. *Putney* was even famous for its fisheries in the time of the Normans, but steamboat traffic has long since destroyed its reputation. It has been the birthplace of Cromwell, the blacksmith's son and friend of Wolsey; and Gibbon, the historian. The old church, though restored in 1836, was built in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and exhibits several interesting brasses and tombs. At the Bowling-Green House died the celebrated William Pitt, in 1806. Here is the "College of Civil Engineers," founded a few years back, to impart that mechanical and mathematical knowledge so essential in these days of steam enterprise. Putney is still the famous rendezvous of those interested in aquatic sports, and rowing matches are frequent from this point. The old clumsy bridge, built in 1729, cost £24,000, and is yet a profitable investment. *Wimbledon* and its Common, that even thirteen hundred years ago was pronounced the most ancient of English parishes, is the scene of one of Cæsar's encampments, and may be reached from Putney through Roehampton. Wimbledon Park, belonging to Earl Spencer, is replete with pretty detached spots of landscape beauty, and affords a choice sylvan ramble to the eastern portion of Richmond Park. On the southern banks of the river, linked by an elegant terrace of modern buildings, called the *Castelnau Villas*, with the Suspension Bridge at Hammersmith, is *Barnes*. In the churchyard is a monumental tablet to Edward Rose, a citizen of London, who, dying in 1653, left £20 to the parish poor, on condition that roses should be planted on his grave and annually preserved. At *Barn Elms*, Sir Francis Walsingham, who died here in 1590, frequently entertained

Queen Elizabeth. Tonson, the bookseller, and Cowley, the poet, also made this their residence, and memorials of both are preserved. *Mortlake*, a mile further, and two miles to the east of Richmond, has an ancient church, founded in the 14th, and rebuilt in the 16th century. Dr. John Dee, the astrologer, and Partridge, a quondam shoemaker and prophetic almanack concocter, both lie in the churchyard. We now discern the woody glades which surround Richmond, the scene of so many historical events, and the haunt of pleasant pic-nic parties from time immemorial. At *West Sheen*, to the left of *Mortlake*, and utterly destroyed in 1769 to form a lawn in Richmond Park, there was formerly a Carthusian Monastery, founded by Henry V., in 1414, and rendered memorable as the place of refuge for Perkin Warbeck, and the burial place of James IV., of Scotland, after the battle of Flodden. An observatory now occupies the site. The lofty structure seen across the trees to the right is the tower of the Chinese Pagoda in Kew Gardens, rising 163 feet above the surrounding foliage, and forming a conspicuous object for many miles round. The collection of rare exotics in these grounds, unequalled in Europe, is open to public inspection daily, except Sundays, from twelve till dusk, and will equally repay the visit of the mere curious sight-seeker and the more profound botanist. George III. frequently resided here, and expended large sums at various times in the erection of a palace, which George IV. pulled down in 1828; and, in its place, substituted a more commodious building, afterwards given by William IV. to the Duke of Cumberland, now King of Hanover. Gainsborough and Zoffany, two of our most celebrated artists in two very distinct styles, both lie in Kew churchyard; the church itself, built in 1714, and afterwards much enlarged, presents nothing remarkable. At a house on Kew Green lived Sir Peter Lely.

Richmond, where either train or steamboat will enable us to stop, is just the pleasant point for an excursionist to reach bent upon exercise and enjoyment. The walks by the margin

of the river, the leafy luxuriance of the park, the famed view from the hill, and the varied scenery of its environs, through which wind the prettiest green lanes imaginable, all tend to make this "region of loveliness" attractive beyond the day. Monarchs and monks had a wonderful knack long ago of discovering the prettiest places for a summer retreat round London, and, accordingly, we find it was a royal residence at a very early period. At Richmond Green, where the only remains of the "aunciente Palace of Sheen" is to be found, in a gateway at the north-east angle, Kings Edward I. and II. lived, and the third King Edward died—broken-hearted, it is said, for the loss of his heroic son, "The Black Prince." Here, too, died Anne, Richard the Second's Queen, who first introduced the side-saddle for the benefit of succeeding female equestrians. In 1492 Henry VII. gave a grand tournament, and here, in 1509, he died. Queen Elizabeth also breathed her last in this regal abode, which, after minor changes connected with royalty, was finally demolished by George III. in 1769. Passing through the town, which contains on its outskirts several elegant villas of the nobility, we proceed up the hill to the Park, which embraces an area of about 2,300 acres, and is nearly nine miles in circumference. It was enclosed by Charles I. with a brick wall, and this became one of the articles of his impeachment. An attempted exclusion of the public, in the reign of George III., caused a spirited resistance from a brewer named Lewis, who, by an action at law, established the right of footway, and since then no further encroachment upon the privileges of the public has been essayed. The umbrageous solitudes of this fine park, and the comprehensive and beautiful views from its summit, extending over the fertile valley of the Thames, and even including the distant turrets of Windsor Castle, have long been the theme of eulogy in book and ballad. At sunset, when the far-off masses of foliage are sobered down by twilight, and the river, catching the last beams of the sinking orb, gleams through the leafy landscape like a fairy lake, in

which every ripple yields a golden sparkle, the scene is truly enchanting. In Richmond Church, a neat structure, partly ancient and partly modern, there are several interesting memorials of the departed great. The first that arrests attention is a marble tablet on the wall, with a medallion head sculptured on it, beneath which is the following inscription:—"Edmund Kean—died May, 1833, aged 46—a memorial erected by his son Charles John Kean, 1839." Here, too, is the grave of the poet James Thomson, with the Earl of Buchan's copper tablet, the inscription on which time has almost made illegible. He was buried without the wall, but the church having been enlarged to make room for the organ, the wall now passes right across his coffin, cutting the body, as it were, in twain. Near the communion table lies Mary Ann Yates, a celebrated tragic actress and once the Mrs. Siddons of her day, but now her very name appears forgotten. In a whimsical epitaph to a Welsh lawyer, one Robert Lewes, it is recorded to his honour, that "he was such a great lover of peace and quietness, that when a contention began in his body between Life and Death he immediately gave up the ghost to end the dispute." Among the rest may be mentioned, tombs to the memory of Joseph Taylor, the original "*Hamlet*;" Dr. Moore, the author, and father of the Corunna-renowned General, Sir John Moore; Gilbert Wakefield, the critic; Viscount Fitzwilliam, who founded the Museum at Cambridge; and Edward Gibson, an artist of repute. Richmond has a theatre, first opened, in 1719, by the facetious Will Penkethman, and carried on for some time by Cibber; it was the scene of many of Kean's triumphs in the mimic art, but latterly it has been badly managed and worse frequented. Near it is "Rosedale House," where Thomson lived and died (August 22nd, 1748), and having lately become the residence of the Earl of Shaftesbury, it is known as "Thomson's Villa." Many relics of the poet, and some manuscript portions of "*The Seasons*," in his own handwriting, are here carefully preserved. Richmond Bridge was built in 1777.

Petersham, reached by a pleasant rural lane leading from the hill, is delightfully situated in the valley beneath, and has some fine springs of water, which are duly taken advantage of by a Hydropathic establishment recently formed. Ham House was once a royal domain, where James I., Charles I., Charles II., and James II., the latter by compulsion, occasionally resided. About a mile west from Richmond is *Twickenham*, near which is *Twickenham Ait*, or Eel-Pie-Island, consecrated from time immemorial to the votaries of that esteemed delicacy. Pope's Villa, now demolished and having a number of villas on its site, has long associated the poet's name with the place. In the village church may be seen his tomb, with a Latin inscription written by his friend Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, and a more characteristic one beneath, written by the bard himself. The once celebrated actress, "Kitty Clive," is also buried in this sequestered church; she died in 1785, aged 75. The almshouses of the Carpenters' Company occupy a prominent situation beyond. Nearly a mile further is *Strawberry Hill*, where the celebrated Horace Walpole collected the famous assortment of valuables and curiosities, which, under the direction of the late Earl of Waldegrave, were consigned to the hammer of George Robins, and dispersed among those private individuals who were wealthy enough to become possessed of the varied contents of this gothic hall.

Teddington, two miles further, is well known to the angling fraternity, and here the first "lock" is encountered in the upward progress along the Thames. It is worth while to turn aside from the road, and have a look at the old church, which, though recently modernised, presents in its south aisle a specimen of architectural stability of 800 years back. "Peg Woffington," the clever actress and beautiful woman, whose history is of itself a romance, was here buried in 1720, and there are other monuments of remunerative interest and antiquity.

Hampton Court, to which another two miles will bring us,

requires a volume exclusively devoted to its attractions to render them due justice, but in default of a professed "*Guide*," our account—though necessarily compressed—will be found sufficient to prevent any of its "Lions" being overlooked from a want of their being enumerated. The situation of Hampton Court, which stands on the north bank of the Thames, about twelve miles from London, is so happily described by Pope, that we cannot resist quoting the favorite passage:—

"Close by those meads for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride survey's his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name ;
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nympha at home ;
Here thou great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes—tea."

In summing up the points of its early history, we may briefly state that in the thirteenth century the manor of Hampden was vested in the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Cardinal Wolsey, its illustrious founder, was the last of the enlightened churchmen of old, whose munificence patronised that style of building; which, originating with the ecclesiastics, seemed to end in his fall. He is supposed to have furnished the designs, and having been commenced in 1515, the building, when finished, was in so magnificent a style, that it created great envy at court. The banquets and masques, so prevalent in the age of Henry VIII., were nowhere more magnificently ordered than here; and however vast the establishment of the Cardinal, it could not have been more than sufficient for the accommodation of his train of guests. Numerous sovereigns since that time made it their temporary abode, and the last who resided here were George II. and his Queen, since which period various members of the court have occupied the apartments, the crown reserving the right of resuming possession. At present about 700 of decayed gentlemen and gentlewomen, with their servants, occupy

offices connected with the establishment, to which they are recommended by the Lord Chamberlain. The Lion gate, which fronts the entrance to Bushey Park, an appurtenance granted to Queen Adelaide, is the chief avenue; and, continuing through the Wilderness, by a path overshadowed with lofty trees, we find ourselves by the side of the palace, in front of which extends a long walk ornamented with parterres, an exotic shrubbery, and a spacious fountain in the centre. The grand east front extends 330 feet, and the grand south front 328 feet, from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. The grand staircase and the guard chamber lead to the picture galleries, to which so many cheap catalogues furnish descriptive guides, that our enumeration of their magnificent contents is unnecessary. Suffice it to say the paintings are about 1,000 in number. Retracing our steps to the middle court, we may observe, under the archway, the flight of steps leading to Wolsey's Hall. It is 106 feet long, 40 feet wide, and illuminated by thirteen windows, each fifteen feet from the ground. On one of the panes of the bay window at the end, extending nearly to the floor, the young Earl of Surrey wrote his lines to the fair Geraldine. On each side the walls are hung with tapestry of the most costly material and rarest workmanship, said to have formed a portion of the gifts interchanged between Henry and Francis, at the celebrated "Field of the Cloth of Gold." In the centre of the dais there is a doorway leading to the withdrawal room. The beautiful gardens in front of the palace have been repeatedly the admiration of all visitors. They were laid out by William III., in the Dutch style, with canal and water-courses, and the compass and shears were industriously employed in making birds, beasts, and reptiles, out of yew, holly, and privet. The private gardens extend from the sides of the palace to the banks of the river, and contain, besides some remarkably fine orange trees, many of them in full bearing, a fine oak nearly 40 feet in circumference, and an ancient elm called "King Charles's swing." The large space

of ground on the opposite side of the palace is called "*The Wilderness*," and was planted with shrubs by order of William and Mary. Most of the walks are completely overshadowed, and on a hot summer day a stroll through these umbrageous paths is exceedingly inviting. In this portion of the grounds is situated the *Maze*, so constructed that all the paths apparently leading to the centre turn off to a more distant part, and involve the inquisitive adventurer in constant perplexity. Though we are not quite sure that the revelation does not spoil the chief sport, the secret of success in threading this miniature labyrinth is, that after the first turning to the left the right hand should be kept towards the fence the whole of the remaining way. The greatest curiosity, however, is perhaps the famous Vine, which, sheltered and nurtured in a hot-house, is 110 feet long, and, at three feet from the root, is 27 inches in circumference. It bears from two to three thousand bunches of the black Hamburg grape in the season. We may now mention the arrangements made for the reception of visitors.

The State Apartments, Public Gardens, and Picture Galleries are open daily (Fridays excepted), throughout the year, from 10 till dusk; and on Sundays after 2 p.m. The Public Gardens have generally a military band in attendance, and a small fee is expected by the gardener for exhibiting the orangery and the vine.

We hence recommend the excursionist to proceed across Kingston Bridge, erected in 1827, to *Kingston*, a distance of not much more than two miles, and take a train homeward by the South-Western Railway. Kingston Church was the scene of the coronation of many of our Saxon kings, who here held their court, and the stone on which the ceremony took place is still preserved near the Courts of Assize. A striking illustration of the creative powers of a railroad is manifested by the rise of a new town by the station, called Surbiton, or Kingston-on-Railway. Although this was, only a few years back, a mere piece of waste ground, it is now a

populous and thriving settlement, with a fashionable assemblage of shops continued along one wide street, from the Railway Hotel to a considerable distance down the Kingston-road. Near this spot took place the last struggle of the Royalists in favor of Charles the First, who was then a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle; but, with that fatality which seemed to attend all their efforts, the cavaliers were repulsed with great slaughter, Lord Francis Villiers slain, and the Earl of Holland captured, with others of the nobility. Selecting an easy seat in the compartment of a comfortable carriage, we shall be now borne back in an hour to the terminus at Waterloo-road, whence we started, and this rapid progression, after our agreeable sauntering through the meadows and bye-paths, will, to our thinking and experience, be a very pleasant mode of terminating a very pleasant pilgrimage, during which we trust you have found in us a very communicative companion.

EXCURSION II.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY — THAMES DITTON —
ESHER—CLAREMONT—WALTON-ON-THAMES—WEYBRIDGE—
BYFLEET—ST. GEORGE'S HILL—COBHAM—OCKHAM—WOKING
—NEWARK PRIORY—CHERTSEY—THE OLD MONASTERY—
COWLEY—SAINT ANNE'S HILL—LALEHAM—STAINES—
SHEPPERTON.

THE *South-Western Railway* is a very eligible medium for excursionists. There is scarcely a station from which the rambler can go forth, and fail to find something in the way of the beautiful and the antique. Beyond *Kingston*, the road to which embraces the chief places described in the previous excursion, there is a delightful range of country, full of inexhaustible attractions. *Thames Ditton*, and the *Moulseys*, *East* and *West*, are capital spots for a quiet day's fishing, and, as such, are much frequented in the season; the former is as pleasantly situated by the margin of the river as poet or painter could desire, and the latter are thus named from their position at the junction of the Mole with the Thames. There is a wooden bridge connecting the village with Hampton, and on Moulsey Hurst—once the arena for combats pugilistic—the Hampton races now take place. A mile from the Claremont station is *Esher*, dwindled into comparative insignificance compared with the time when Cardinal Wolsey retreated here, to the palace of the Bishops of Winchester, having, after his disgrace, been compelled by the king to retire from the court. This stately structure, situated on the banks of the Mole, here widening to a goodly stream, was built by William Wainflete, who was consecrated Bishop of Winchester in 1447, and was probably by him annexed to that see. A picturesque well by the roadside, called "Wolsey's Well," and a castellated turret, known as "The Water-Gate House," are the only visible

indications of his former residence in this magnificent abode. At Sandon Farm, near the station, may be traced the ruins of an old priory, founded in the reign of Henry II. Esher Church is a small but neat structure, with a curious bit of antiquity in the belfry, which contains a bell said to have been brought hither from St. Domingo by Sir Francis Drake. The walks in the vicinity are deliciously pastoral. To the east of Esher is *Claremont*, where the Princess Charlotte lived and died, and where her Majesty has frequently retreated of late from the pomp and pageantry of the court. Its former history is sufficiently curious to be given. Sir John Vanbrugh, the author-architect, first built a house here for himself, but, with a strange perversity of taste, it was erected in the lower grounds, where there was no possibility of a prospect. Sir John soon got tired of his new dwelling, and gladly parted with it to Thomas Holles Pelham, Earl of Clare, who made some extensive and judicious alterations. A purchase of 2,000 extra acres of ground was skilfully employed in the formation of a park, on a mount in which was raised a castellated building that he entitled *Clare-mount*, and this appellation it has since borne. The next purchaser was Lord Clive, the conqueror of India, and under his direction the famous "*Capability Browne*"—who gained this odd addition to his patronymic from a peculiar talent he had of turning grounds that had any "*capability*" to the best advantage—demolished the old structure, and raised another, at a cost of £100,000. After Lord Clive's decease, *Claremont* passed successively into the possession of Viscount Galway, the Earl of Tyrconnel, and Charles Rose Ellis Esq., from whom it was purchased by government, in 1816, at a cost of £69,000, to form the country residence of Prince Leopold, now King of the Belgians. The mansion has latterly become, by one of those strange caprices of destiny that beset crowned heads, the refuge of Louis Phillippe and the exiled Royal Family of France, who have lived here, in comparative seclusion, since the memorable revolution of February, 1848.

Crossing Walton Heath, the course of the line brings us in the vicinity of *Oatlands*, the seat of the late Duke of York, and afterwards of Lord Francis Egerton. App's Court, adjacent, was another of Wolsey's residences; the house he inhabited has long since disappeared, but a dove-cote, and the wall of his garden, with some trees planted by himself, still remain to mark the spot where he loved to meditate over his chequered fortunes. *Walton* is decidedly one of those stations where it is worth while to alight and turn towards the village, on the speculation of finding a pleasant occupation for a spare half-hour. The old church, dedicated to St. Mary, contains some attractive monuments of considerable antiquity, and a "scold's bridle" is shown, which was used to curb those gossips' tongues that, unlike the "course of true love," never did "run smooth." In the chancel is a monument to John Selwyn, a keeper of *Oatlands*, who is represented on a stag's back, plunging his sword into the animal's throat. This is said to have been done in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, as he sprang from the back of the horse, which he was riding at full speed, on to that of the stag. William Lilly, the astrologer, who lived at *Hersham*, close by, is also interred here. The style of architecture of this ancient edifice is manifestly belonging to a very remote period. The old bridge that spans the Thames was erected in 1687. Here, at a place called "Coway," *Cæsar* is said to have attempted crossing the river, and some wooden stakes, shod with iron and 16 feet long, have been dug up in the neighbourhood, and cited as a proof of the successful opposition made by the ancient Britons, under *Cassivelaunus*, to repel the efforts of the Romans.

Weybridge is another choice spot to alight, fertile in quiet nooks for angling, and abounding in picturesque scenery. Close to the station is "The Hand and Spear" Tavern, with a sort of half-gothic, half-Swiss style about it, and some extensive grounds at the back, fitted up with every facility of diversion to wile away a summer's afternoon. The village is close to it, but presents nothing remarkable, not even except-

ing the church, which, though old, has only a few brasses of little interest, and a sculpture, by Chantrey, to the Duchess of York, representing the deceased engaged in prayer. There is a monument besides to perpetuate her worth, erected on the green, in the shape of a column. The Basingstoke Canal and the River Wey form their junction at this point with the Thames, and, as they heighten the charms of the landscape, also present great attractions to the lovers of fishing, who are constantly to be seen testing their skill along the margin. Those expert at pedestrianizing will have a rare treat if they cross the line from Weybridge Station and proceed to *Byfleet*, two miles onward. It is a primitive looking village, with an old-fashioned church, constructed from the simple materials of rough stones and flint. The views are delightful as you proceed, and the country round exhibits the highest state of agricultural cultivation. Making direct for St. George's Hill, there is a splendid prospect from the summit, encompassing Windsor, Chertsey, Hampton, and the glistening rivers that sparkle through the landscape nearer. Reluctantly quitting this elevated region—and it requires a desperate degree of resolution—we descend into the village of *Cobham*, on the other side thereof, having a pleasant location on the Mole, and an abundant supply from its waters of carp, pike, and trout, most plentifully found in that portion of the stream which flows through the park. Hence we may stroll to *Ockham*, and have a look at the old church, built in 1290, and Ockham Park, the seat of Earl Lovelace, who, himself a descendant from the metaphysician Locke, has further honor in his marriage with Ada, the daughter of Byron. Still onward, and *Wisley* and *Pyrford* will be found worthy a visit, and *Woking*, with its ancient mansion of Sutton Place, built by Sir Richard Weston, in 1530, and oft-times visited by Queen Elizabeth. The church is venerable, and the embattled tower gives it a striking appearance. Near here, on a spot formerly called “Aldebury,” may be seen the ruins of *Newark Priory*, founded in the time of Richard Cœur de

Lion. The portion that remains was evidently the old church. Leaving the excursionist to choose whether he shall hence go on to *Guildford* or *Woking*—either way about three miles—we return to Weybridge, and take our rambler with us on another pleasant pilgrimage of three miles, in the opposite direction, to Chertsey.

Chertsey—the very name rings in the ear like a sound from the far-off past—is as old as the days of the ancient Britons, and probably was one of their principal places. Soon after the conversion of the Saxons from Paganism, in 666, a Benedictine Monastery was founded here by Frithwold, a petty prince of Surrey, and by him richly endowed. In the original charter it is written, “I beseech those whose names are annexed to subscribe themselves witnesses that I, Frithwald, who am the giver, together with the Abbot Erkenwald, on account of my ignorance of letters, have expressed with the sign of the Holy Cross.” It is from this pretty evident that princes in those days had somewhat of Jack Cade’s antipathy to those who could “read, write, and cast accompt,” and therefore they also “made their mark, like a simple, plain-dealing, honest man.” The Danes, who were the general snappers-up of unconsidered trifles, pillaged the abbey in 1009, killed the abbot and monks, and laid the whole building desolate; but being afterwards rebuilt by Egbert, King of Kent, it became more magnificently embellished than ever, and was one of the most important monasteries in the kingdom. Henry VI. was buried here, under a sumptuous mausoleum, but the body was exhumed in 1504, by Henry VII., and conveyed with great pomp first to Windsor, and afterwards to Westminster Abbey. It is useless to look now for any vestige of its former grandeur; all that remains is a part of its wall, forming the boundary of an orchard, and part of an archway is still visible on the north side of the town. In the centre of the town is the church, rebuilt in 1808, but having a portion of the old chancel and tower remaining. Even so late as the year 1814, and occasionally since, the

curfew has been tolled here, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, the day of the month being indicated during the time of ringing. A handsome stone bridge of seven arches was erected, in 1786, across the Thames, connecting the county of Surrey with Middlesex. At a house in Guildford Street, formerly distinguished as the Porch House, lived Abraham Cowley, the poet, who has perpetuated, in prose and verse, his love for this seclusion in a hundred quaint prettinesses. Beneath the window of the room in which he died (July 28th, 1667) is a tablet thus appealing to the sympathies of the passers-by:—"Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue." A pretty summer house that he built, and a seat under a sycamore tree, both mentioned in his poems, were existing till the middle of the last century. After the excursionist has refreshed his physical energies at one of the many excellent inns that here abound, by all means let him ascend St. Anne's Hill, about a mile out of the town, and he shall find himself, at the summit, elevated some 250 feet above the ocean level, with a glorious panorama round about him of the finest parts of the river between Richmond and Windsor. There is a spring at the top, that summer's heat and winter's cold alike prove unable to dry up or freeze. The mansion on the southern slope of the hill was once the residence of Charles James Fox, the statesman, to whom a cenotaph has been erected in the church. From Chertsey he can now proceed to the Woking Station, an agreeable walk of five miles, and so return by railway, or cross the bridge, and go through *Laleham* on to *Staines*, a distance of four miles: thence one of the coaches that still ply on that comparatively deserted road will bring him back to town.

The excursion we have indicated, with judicious management of stoppages, need not occupy more than a day, but should the finny fraternity of the streams tempt an angler to loiter on his path, it will be found an excellent plan to stop at Chertsey for the night, and try his chance among the famous jack and perch of *Shepperton* in the morning.

EXCURSION III.

**CAMBERWELL—PECKHAM RYE—NUNHEAD CEMETERY—
DULWICH—DULWICH COLLEGE—PENGES COMMON—SYDEN-
HAM—ANERLEY—BEULAH SPA—NORWOOD—NORWOOD CEME-
TERY—STREATHAM—BRIXTON—STOCKWELL—THE STOCK-
WELL GHOST—CLAPHAM—CLAPHAM COMMON—RETURN BY
OMNIBUS.**

OUR next trip out of town into Surrey, though less extensive, will not be found less interesting. Having got a ticket of admission to the Dulwich Gallery,* take an omnibus to Camberwell Green, and be put down at the "Father Redcap," a hostel that in the last century stood far away in the fields, without a habitation within ken. Cross the Green and turn down Grove Lane to the right, a thoroughfare at the back of Camberwell Grove, now occupied by a handsome range of modern houses, commanding a retrospective view over the smoke-enshrouded buildings of the southern suburbs. It was here that tradition alleges Barnwell killed his uncle, but the crime of the city apprentice, immortalised by Lillo, has not even had the assistance of a ghost to indicate the precise spot of the murder. At the end of this lane there is a steep declivity, where the road winds round to the valley beneath, and the prospect that here comes with startling suddenness on the eye of the pedestrian is a pleasant surprise after the monotonous lines of houses which have hitherto been our

* These tickets are gratis, and easily obtainable of the chief Printsellers, being merely rendered necessary to ensure the respectability of the visitors, though it is probable before long that even this slight condition will be dispensed with. Ackerman, Strand, and Colnaghi, Pall Mall, will both supply them. The gallery is open every week day, except Friday, from 10 till 5 in the summer months, and 11 till 3 during the winter.

boundary right and left. You are in an instant transported, as if by magic, from the confines of the town to the open country, and though a few cottages have, within the last year or two, been built at the foot of the hill, there is yet enough rurality about it to make it grateful to the vision of one satiated with street scenes and street bustle. The vale of Peckham lies in the foreground, with beyond an ample tract of pasture ground, veined with hedgerows, and an undulating country at the back, wherein ivied cottages and clustering elms knot themselves into picturesque groups afar off. The road winding to the left brings us to Goose Green, a favourite spot for academies, and a quarter of a mile further is *Peckham Rye*, which at first view appears to consist of a score of little shops and stuccoed dwellings, a tavern or two, a large pond, and ducks and dogs innumerable. Peckham, though recently much enlarged by terraces and other symptoms of metropolitan extension, was not long ago as quietly rural as if four hundred miles, instead of four, had been its distance from town. Here are tea-gardens—so called, of course, because tea is never called for within them—that, garnished with flowers and seats amid the shrubberies, offer no despicable attractions to the city artisan, who can thus within omnibus range breathe a fresher atmosphere, and have some wholesome notion of real country air. Hardly a mile from the Rye, reached by the road exactly opposite to that by which we came, is *Nunhead Cemetery*, occupying the slope of a hill which is crowned upon the top by a neat chapel for performing the funereal rites of the Established Church. Adjoining is a plainer edifice for the use of Dissenters. The grounds are well disposed, though they cannot be said to rival the cemeteries of Kensal Green and Norwood. From the eminence adjoining there is a good prospect of London, and the pathway to Forest Hill, and round, under the South-Eastern Railway, to New Cross and Deptford, is not to be despised by those whom time will not permit to enjoy a more excursive ramble.

From Peckham we can strike across the hills, where one of the old Semaphores, or wooden telegraphs, still remains—a disused link of telegraphic communication between the Admiralty and Portsmouth—and get to *Dulwich* through the meadows. Just past the neat village, plentifully besprinkled with the villas of metropolitan merchants, is Dulwich College, founded, in 1619, by Edward Alleyne, the actor, who, as one of Shakspeare's contemporaries, was a popular representative of most of the characters in his plays. It is a building of the Elizabethan school, and was erected from the designs of Inigo Jones. In 1811 a new wing was added for the reception of the pictures bequeathed by Sir Francis Bourgeois, and these include some of the finest specimens extant of the works of the old Flemish and Spanish masters. Those by Cuyp, Rembrandt, and Murillo are highly estimated, and there are several by our own Sir Joshua Reynolds. An inspection of the pictorial treasures herein contained will prove a desirable and gratifying hour's occupation. A chapel, library, and school, for gratuitous instruction, are attached, and the warden must be the same name as the founder, a condition which has occasionally involved some perplexity in its fulfilment. The environs are replete with pastoral beauty, and an immense quantity of hay is obtained from this district. Pursuing the road before us, and skirting the borders of some fine plantations—well known to pic-nic parties from town—we pass *Penge Common*, where the Watermen's Almshouses form a conspicuous object in their isolated position. They were erected, by subscription, for aged watermen and lightermen, in 1840. Nothing can be more charmingly sylvan, or less suggestive of the approximate city, than the walk across the hill to *Sydenham*, which reveals a varied and expansive prospect over Kent as we approach its precincts. The town lies in the hollow, and has a number of opulent residents, whose elegant mansions contribute to diversify the scene. On the common has recently been built a handsome church, and along by the railway several stately villas have been called into

being by the increased facilities of transit thus afforded, and the acknowledged salubrity of the air. The Anerley Gardens, a short distance from the station, are prettily disposed, with every imaginable device to make a visitor prolong his stay. The old Croydon Canal runs at the end of the grounds, and is kept well stocked with fish; there are few resorts more calculated than this to afford innocent recreation and healthy enjoyment.

Unless the train is taken from Anerley we may take the rambler on with us some two miles to the west across the country to *Norwood*, a famous haunt for gipsies and pleasure parties, though the former have become nearly extinct. *Beulah Spa* is well known to summer excursionists as a delightful destination for a day's jaunt, having archery and music to increase the general hilarity, as well as verdant lawns and flowery arbours, where the "creature comforts" may be most delectably administered. The mineral spring, discovered in 1827, may be tasted by those disposed to try its beneficial effects; it has a twang with it like what we should fancy an infusion of Congreve matches would produce. The scenery round Norwood is as wild and romantic as though the sound of a Brixton omnibus never disturbed the tranquillity of the region, and botanists and entomologists can find in the woods hereabout some choice specimens for their cabinets. Norwood Cemetery, laid out in 1839, at a cost of £80,000, occupies a very eligible position, on the sloping elevation of a hill near the roads leading to Tulse Hill and Brixton. It encloses a space of nearly fifty acres, and the brick wall which surrounds the Cemetery is above a mile and a half in length. Two chapels, one Episcopal and the other for Dissenters, are built in the gothic style at the highest point, and hence there is a fine prospect before us, reaching from the park immediately beneath, which formerly belonged to Lord Chancellor Thurlow, to Herne Hill, and the towers of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. Under the cloisters of the chapel are the catacombs, estimated to contain 2,000

coffins; they are well ventilated and lighted, and perfectly dry. On each side the grounds present a gentle undulation, the fresh green turf being intersected by broad gravel walks, and relieved at intervals by darker clumps of shrubs, flowers, and trees, among which the tombs and sculptured memorials of those who rest beneath rise in graceful solemnity around. There are many names upon the tablets familiar to fame, and the aspect of the place altogether affords a cheerful contrast to the gloomy regions appropriated to the same purpose in our city burial grounds. From here we can cross over to *Streatham*, a mile westward, and, looking in at the church, see the tomb of Mr. Thrale, with Dr. Johnson's epitaph. The ancient altar-tomb, known as "John of Gaunt's," is of doubtful origin, but certainly not connected with the individual whose name it bears. *Streatham Spa*, once of some repute, lies to the east of the village, at a place called *Streatham Wells*. We can hence take an omnibus back through *Brixton*, or extend our walk through *Clapham New Park* into the *Clapham Road*. The spacious area of *Clapham Common*, comprising 200 acres, is a fine addition to the parish, and is much frequented by cricketers.

Stockwell, to the right of the road from *Brixton* to *Clapham*, was the scene of the stupid imposition of the *Stockwell Ghost*, who, though not visible himself, endowed kitchen furniture with wonderful vitality, made plates leap from the shelves, and realizing a familiar nursery rhyme, literally caused the dish to run away with the spoon. The whole imposture—and a more palpable one is not to be met with in the annals of credulity—was the successful experiment of the shrewd servant girl in the family where these wonders took place. The house thus signalized stood upon the green, but it has been much altered and repaired within the last few years. A constant relay of omnibuses will be met with in either of the main roads, and will afford a very economical conveyance either to the city or west end.

Kennington Common, now being rapidly enclosed with

buildings, was, before the erection of Horsemonger Lane Gaol, the usual place of execution for criminals tried in this part of the county. Near it, also, was a palace, occasionally inhabited by the Royal Family even as late as the reign of Henry VII. Camden says that in his time no traces of the building were left, whence it seems probable that directly it ceased to be a royal residence it was pulled down. The "Prince's Road" is said to have been that by which the Black Prince came to this palace from Lambeth, and a tavern in the road still bears the sign of that renowned son of Edward III. Kennington is besides distinguished in history as the scene of the banquet or marriage festival of a Danish nobleman, at which Hardicanute, the son of Canute the Great, became the victim of his own intemperance, or, according to others, was poisoned. In commemoration of his death the festival of "Hocktide" is said to have been instituted. Kennington Church, dedicated to St. Mark, was erected in 1824, at an expense of nearly £30,000. This neighbourhood is rather different now from what it was in the reign of Edward III., when bands of lawless ruffians used to sally forth by hundreds at a time to rob the city, and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen had to keep watch for nights together, on the opposite banks of the Thames, to oppose their incursions. The Surrey side of the water has been lately wonderfully improved, both in the style of its dwellings, and the character of its inhabitants. It now includes by far the best portion of the city "respectables."

EXCURSION IV.

RAILWAY TO CROYDON—ANTIQUITIES—BEDDINGTON—CARSHALTON—WOODMANSTERNE—ADDISCOMBE—ADDINGTON—REIGATE—THE CASTLE—THE BARON'S CAVE—THE PRIORY—DORKING—LEITH HILL—BOX HILL—MICKLEHAM VALE—EPSOM—EWELL—CHEAM—SUTTON—MITCHAM—STREATHAM—BRIXTON.

WE now put the railway again into requisition. Go down to the Terminus at London Bridge and take a ticket to Croydon by the Croydon Railway. The scenery along the line is full of varied interest, and the excursionist will have a good opportunity of seeing some of the richest portions of the southern outskirts on his route. *Croydon* is a fine old town, with some attractive vestiges of antiquity about it, and is of local importance as the place of election for East Surrey. The name is derived from the Saxon derivatives *Croie*, chalk, and *dune* or *don*, a hill, which pretty clearly describes its geological position. On the left, as we stroll towards the High Street, will be noticed "Whitgift's Almshouses," endowed by Archbishop Whitgift in 1596, for a warden, chaplain, schoolmaster, and forty decayed householders of Lambeth and Croydon, twenty of each sex. The church, with its ancient flint tower and recently renovated interior, is worthy examination. It was built on the site of a Roman place of worship, by Archbishop Courteney, in the latter part of the 14th century, and after many mutations was cruelly ill-used at the time of the civil wars, when a man named Blesse was paid by the Puritans half-a-crown a day to break the beautifully painted windows. When undergoing restoration, in 1844, the workmen discovered some ancient paintings of a large size; they

are in good preservation, but the execution is somewhat indifferent. Monuments to the Archbishops Sheldon, Whitgift, and others, are to be here seen, exhibiting appropriate magnificence of embellishment. The Archbishops of Canterbury had a palace here for many centuries, and a portion of it, used as a laundry, still remains. In exploring the country round Croydon—and finer scenery is not to be met with fifty miles from town—the Rambler must consult his own convenience and powers of pedestrianism. We give him a choice of routes, right and left of the station, which may serve at different times as useful hints for a day's ramble.

Beddington is a capital point for a stroll, being two miles and a half from Croydon, and reached through a highly picturesque district. The village, situated on the banks of the Wandle, has a church built of flint, and, though recently renovated, has still a portion remaining of the original structure, belonging to the time of Richard the Second. A glance within will show an ancient Elizabethan pulpit, a curious square font supported by four pillars, and several tombs of the Carews, one especially being remarkable—a monumental brass to Nicholas Carew, dated 1432. *Beddington Park* has been for at least four hundred years the seat of the Carew family, the present possessor being Captain Charles Carew, of the Royal Navy. In 1599 and 1600 Queen Elizabeth was a frequent guest at their mansion, and her favorite walk is still pointed out, with an oak tree she is said to have planted. The old building being burned down, in 1709, with the exception of the hall, the present mansion stands precisely on the site of that erected by Sir Francis Carew, and still wears an aspect of ancient grandeur that carries us back to the time of square cut coats and flowing ruffles. Sir Francis Carew was the brother-in-law of Sir Walter Raleigh, who brought over the pips of some oranges, which were here planted, for the first time in England, and thriving exceedingly, proved the origin of the orangery now attached to the grounds.

Carshalton is a mile further, and in the very heart of the village has a beautiful expanse of water, which, receiving the contributions of various springs gushing from the chalky soil, is afterwards known as the river Wandle. The trout found in this stream are unexceptionable in quality and quantity. The church is in the early English style, with some antique brass memorials to Nicholas Ganeysford and family. Near the churchyard is a spring, over-arched with stone, and called "Queen Anne Boleyn's Well," from some vague tradition of her having stopped to admire its crystal clearness on her way from Hever. The walks from here over Dupper's Hill and Banstead Downs are delightful, yielding prospects of great extent and infinite beauty. Horne Tooke lived for many years at Purley House, not far distant, and there wrote his celebrated grammarian treatise, called "*The Diversions of Purley*." At *Woodmansterne*, six miles from Croydon, there is an old tree, said—but we think erroneously—to mark the highest point in the county. It is certain, however, that the ground about here is level with the cross of St. Paul's.

On the left, or eastern, side of Croydon there are equally attractive spots with those we have just noticed. Passing through *Addiscombe*, where is situated the Military College of the East India Company, in which about 150 cadets are educated, we may make our way round to *Addington*, nearly four miles from Croydon. Here is an antique church of the time of Edward III. in some portions, but rebuilt, about 1777, after a combination of orders that may be called, for want of a better, the early Churchwarden style. The chief feature, however, of the place is Addington Park, the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and formerly a hunting lodge of Henry VIII. The mansion, built at the cost of £40,000, commands some extensive views, and the grounds are spacious and well planted. The vicinity is rich in pleasant strolls, and green lanes and breezy footpaths abound. There are several Saxon barrows, too, upon the hills, well worth inspection, one presenting no less than 25 tumuli clustered

together, and a high mound, the burial place of a great unknown, 37 feet in diameter. A circular encampment of two acres, environed by a double moat, may still be seen on Thunderfield Common. A delightful day may be spent in rambling about here, taking a train from the Brighton Station of the Croydon Railway back, for the sake of shortening the return distance.

Pursuing our route, by railway, for those inclined to get still further out, we pass through the Merstham Tunnel—180 feet beneath the surface, and a mile in length—and stop at the Reigate Station, from which Reigate is about a mile and a half distant. Or the pedestrian can alight at Merstham, and enjoy a two miles walk through Gatton Park. There are omnibuses generally to meet the trains. The town of *Reigate* is on a bed of various sands, chiefly white, highly estimated for the plate glass manufacture. Of its once famous castle, held by the De Warrena family, no remains exist, but a cavern under the castle mount, called “The Baron’s Cave”—from a supposition that here the barons first drew up an outline of Magna Charta—is evidently a subterraneous portion of the old fortress. It descends about 200 feet into a vault 150 feet long and nearly twelve feet high. Whether a natural chasm or an artificial excavation has not been very clearly ascertained, but it was most probably the latter. A small fee is required for showing it by the Cicerone of the spot. The castle was taken, in 1216, by the Barons, aided by the Dauphin Louis of France, and was demolished soon after. At the east end of the town is the church, with little exteriorly remarkable beyond what it gains from its situation. Some monuments within are, however, worth looking at. In the chancel is interred Lord Howard Earl of Effingham, who, as High Admiral of the English Fleet, so materially assisted in routing the Spanish Armada; the date is 1588. A monument to the Ladbroke family, and one to Sir Thomas Bludder and his wife, who died in 1618, present some singular sculptures of full length figures. Over the vestry is a rather rare though

very serviceable addition to a parochial church, in the shape of a library, instituted, in 1518, by John Skynner; it chiefly comprises works of divinity. About half a mile to the south of the town is the "Priory," a modern structure, the seat of Earl Somers, occupying the site of the ancient monastic establishment founded, in 1240, by William de Warrena. Ascending the hill there is a fine panoramic view over the adjacent country, which well repays the excursionist for going a little out of his way to enjoy this expansive survey of the Weald and Downs of Sussex and Surrey. Before leaving the town there is the old Market House, with the Town Hall above it, which must claim a passing notice, as marking the site of one of the many way-side chapels dedicated to Saint Thomas à Becket. The pilgrims' road to Canterbury led round by the chalk hills near Merstham, and it was doubtless by this route that Chaucer's immortal company passed onward to the shrine.

From Reigate to *Dorking* there is a walk, ride, or drive of six miles, which is certain to gratify the tastes of all lovers of fine scenery. A coach passes along from Reigate to Guildford every afternoon, and for a small fare will give the pedestrian an opportunity of saving his locomotive powers for a stroll round the town and over the surrounding hills. Just before entering Dorking he will have his attention attracted by Deepdene, the seat of H. T. Hope Esq., the grounds belonging to which have been lately considerably extended by the purchase of Betchworth Castle and Chart Park. There are numerous villas scattered about the neighbourhood, most of them in the prettiest situations imaginable. Dorking is famous for its peculiar breed of fowls, thought to have been originally introduced by the Romans, and is one of the most lively and charmingly envired places in all Surrey. Occupying a portion of the Valley of the Mole, on the south side of the North Downs, it has a range of hills within its precincts that make perfect cosmoramas of the surrounding villages, each step higher on the slope of the Downs giving a change in the

prospect. We would especially recommend those who can spare the time to sleep at one of the Dorking inns—there are several both good and reasonable—and set off, early next morning, to Leith Hill, four miles to the south. The view from the summit, nearly a thousand feet above the level of the sea, will astonish those who fancy there can be nothing worth looking at in this way south of Snowdon. If the trip can be made of a fine summer or autumnal morning, rising at dawn and getting up the hill time enough to see the mist dispersed by the growing sunlight, the pleasure is considerably enhanced. There is a little inn, half way up, where a breakfast after a simple but clean and comely fashion can be obtained, and we hold this by no means of minor importance, after an experience of the fearful appetites we have seen created on the way. The hill is crowned by a small structure, traditionally said to mark the spot where an eccentric farmer of the neighbourhood was buried on horseback upside down, so that when the world was turned—as he believed it then soon would be—topsy-turvy, he might come up at last in a right position. A day on Leith Hill is a capital substitute for a trip to Switzerland, and its beauties are—to their shame be it spoken—not half so well known to Londoners as they deserve. It is the very haunt for secluded meditation, with nothing to be heard but the dozy chirruping of insects among the grass, and the distant song of the soaring skylark far beneath. Box Hill, where the Mole disappears and again oozes through the porous soil at Leatherhead, the Vale of Mickleham, with Norbury Park, Walton-on-the-Hill, and the country round Leatherhead, are all so many delightful spots that can be made to yield the greatest enjoyment, with no other conditions than a moderately filled purse and fine weather.

Leatherhead is five miles from Dorking, on the banks of the Mole, that has now gained importance enough to be crossed by a bridge, and, though a small town, has some very substantial dwellings, with a venerable church of the 13th century rising from an eminence at the east end. Ashstead, midway

between Leatherhead and Epsom, has a fine park, the seat of the Hon. Col. Fulke Greville Howard, and is plentifully provided with deer.

Epsom, two miles further, enjoys a world-wide celebrity for two very different things—its *Race-course* and its *Salts*. Whilst the former, however, still flourishes in unabated attraction, the latter has been long superseded by an artificial preparation of the same nature and bearing the same name. In the 17th century this was the fashionable Spa of England, and the newspapers of the time advertised “that the post will go every day to and fro, between London and Epsom, during the season for drinking the waters.” In the time of Charles I. these salts were so celebrated that they were sold at 5s. the ounce, and from 1690 to 1720 the wells were in their zenith of prosperity. As chemical science improved, cheaper and more abundant sources were discovered, and even sea water was found to yield it by evaporation. It is simply a sulphate of magnesia, and is generally prepared for commerce by subjecting magnesian limestone to the action of muriatic and sulphuric acid. The old bath room was pulled down in 1804. The race-course, on the Downs south-east of the town, with its noble “Grand Stand,” and the annual attractions of the “Derby” day, form a combination of attractive features too familiar to need more than a brief mention. Epsom Races—the most truly national festival of which we can boast—have been held annually on the same spot since 1730; the two great races, “The Derby” and “The Oaks,” deriving their names, one from the title of the nobleman by whom it was instituted, and the other from the fine seat of the Earl of Derby, near Sutton, called “The Oaks.”

Ewell is one mile from Epsom, and was, in the time of Henry VIII., famous for its magnificent Palace of Nonsuch, which, for costly splendour of decoration, was said to have been without a rival in Europe. It was demolished, by a caprice of the Duchess of Cleveland, in 1670, and now not a vestige of its former grandeur remains. Unless a return trip

on the recent extension of the Croydon Railway is preferred, we can proceed back to London by way of Cheam, Sutton, and Mitcham, whence a great portion of the medicinal plants sold by the herbalists and apothecaries is derived. The air of this region is heavy with the exhaled fragrance of peppermint and lavender; and fields of chamomiles, poppies, rhubarb, wormwood, and aniseed, meet the eye in every direction. We can go from Mitcham either through Tooting and Clapham, or through Streatham and Brixton, back over the bridges to London. Or, should inclination and convenience render it desirable, we can suggest, as another agreeable road, the walk of four miles, from Ewell to the Kingston Station, over Kingston Common, and so return by the South-Western Railway.

EXCURSION V.

LONDON TO GUILDFORD BY THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY—GUILDFORD CASTLE—SAINT CATHERINE'S HILL—THE "HOG'S BACK"—SUTTON PLACE—LOSELY HALL—FARNHAM—FARNHAM CASTLE—WAVERLY ABBEY—FARNBOROUGH STATION.

IN one hour and a half after leaving Nine Elms the quick trains of the South-Western Railway will set a passenger down at *Guildford*, which, though so full of objects to render a day's jaunt delightfully interesting, was little visited by excursionists from town until the extension of the line from Woking made the distance fall within the compass of an afternoon's journey. Seated on the slope of a chalk hill rising from the river Wey, the aspect of the town, on our first entrance, is singularly striking and picturesque; the streets, too, have a cheerful bustle about them, and the salubrity of the air is well attested by the broad ruddy features of the farmers that we encounter about the market-place. The visitor, after the discussion of that refreshment which his railway ride will have rendered requisite, will of course go down the High Street, wherein he shall see, on the north side, a venerable building crowned with a turret, and having a clock projecting into the street, with a double dial east and west. This is the Town Hall, a building about 170 years old, and the place of meeting for the town and county quarter sessions. Opposite is the Corn Market. The three parish churches, St. Nicholas, on the west, Trinity, in the east, and St. Mary's, on the south, are of various degrees of architectural merit; Trinity Church being the most modern, and St. Mary's the most antique. The remains of Guildford Castle, built about the time of the Norman Conquest, are scattered down

the south side of the High Street, where some of the outer walls, of amazing strength and thickness, may yet be seen to attest the solidity and magnitude of this formidable fortress. Its position, commanding the river Wey, was well calculated for the defence of the town. Many portions of the walls, enduringly built of flint and ragstone, are 10 feet thick. Abbot's Hospital, founded in the reign of James I., by George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, is an interesting relic of well-directed munificence. There are twelve aged men and eight aged women admitted to the benefits of this institution, which had an endowment on a very liberal scale. The environs of Guildford have many attractions, not among the least of which is St. Catherine's Hill, about a mile from the town, which, with a continuation of the ramble across the hilly range called the "Hog's back," will be found to yield most delightful views. Sutton Place, built by Sir Richard Western in 1530, and Losely Hall, reputed to have originated from Sir Thomas More, are both within two miles of the town.

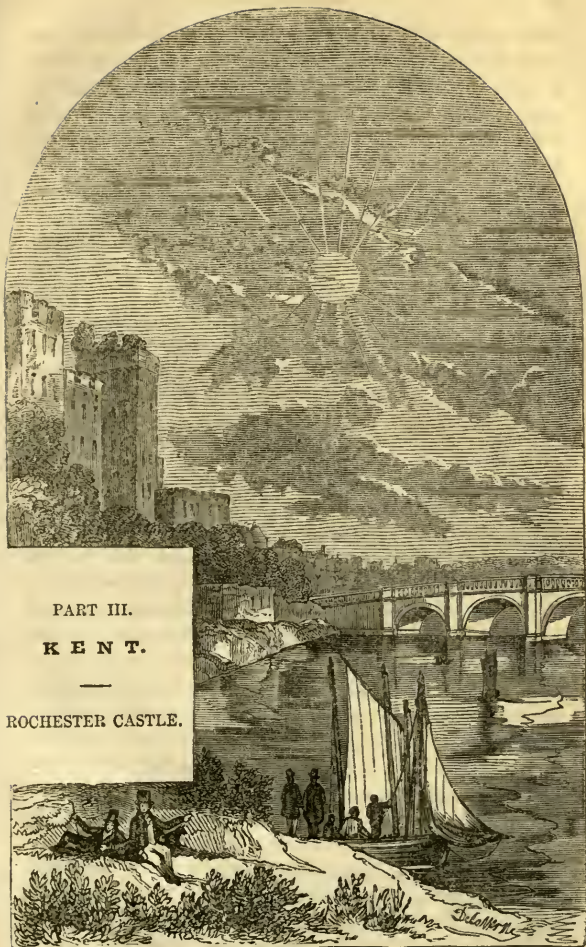
From Guildford there is a magnificent drive, of about ten miles, on to *Farnham*, across the hills and through two picturesque little villages, called Puttenham and Seale. To the left of Seale and "the Hog's Back" is *Hampton Lodge*, embosomed among the trees, the elegant mansion of Henry Lawes Long Esq., author of several antiquarian works of celebrity. Hops and antiquities both invest Farnham with considerable importance, and render its name familiar alike to ale-drinkers and antiquarians. The ruins of Farnham Castle, which may be seen on a hill to the north of the town, are in very good preservation. The founder was Bishop Henry De Blois, brother to that "worthy peer" King Stephen, and though it is certain, in our days of civilization, a church would be deemed more befitting the outlay of a bishop than a castle, the design was then spoken of as a sound proof of ecclesiastical prudence. It was garrisoned for Charles I. by Sir John Denham, but Waller, who commanded the Roundheads, necessitated a retreat, and blew up the fortress in 1642. After

the restoration it was rebuilt, and the Bishop's palace within restored to its former splendour. The ascent to the keep, which was once flanked by two massive towers, is very impressive, and, passing through the doorway, the visitor reaches a long avenue, terminated by another doorway, and thence can look into the open area of the ancient "donjon." Saxon columns and pointed arches are visible, both on the east and south side of the great court, and the deep ditch surrounding the outworks is devoted to the more peaceful art of cookery, as a kitchen garden. The present Bishop of Winchester has made some slight alterations and additions to the structure, erecting a spacious library, and embellishing it with some valuable pictures, shown occasionally to visitors properly recommended. Adjoining the castle is the "Little" Park, comprising about 300 acres, and having a pleasant promenade, formed by an elm grove, which extends across the park for nearly a mile. At an inn called the "Jolly Farmer," in Abbey Street, was born William Cobbett, who has repeatedly testified in his works the interest with which he viewed the place of his nativity. About a mile and a half from the town, through Moor Park, will be found the exquisitely beautiful ruins of "Waverly Abbey," the property of — Nicholson Esq., and the curious cavern, known in the vernacular, as "Mother Ludlam's." This is a rare region for an artist to find materials for his sketch-book, and there is for others, ichthyologically disposed, some respectable fishing in the Blackwater.

It was at Moor Park that Sir William Temple, a well-known statesman and miscellaneous writer, passed the evening of his busy life, having the renowned Jonathan Swift, then a young man, residing with him as his amanuensis. Here it was that Swift engaged in a "love affair" with Miss Hester Johnson, a daughter of the steward of Sir William Temple, and the same lady whom he has immortalised under the name of Stella. When Swift returned to Ireland, Miss Johnson, accompanied by another female of maturer age, went to

reside in his neighbourhood, and the unhappy issue of this attachment is well known. Stella, though ultimately united to Swift by a private marriage in the garden of the Deanery, never enjoyed any public recognition of the tie, and she soon after died worn out with wasted hope and blighted anticipations. Ten miles from Farnham is the picturesque village of *Selborne*, the birthplace of the Rev. Gilbert White, who has, in his "Natural History" of this spot, graphically described the peculiarities of the country round:—"The soils of this district," he says, "are almost as varied as the views and aspects. The high part to the south-west consists of a vast hill of chalk, rising 300 feet above the village, and divided into a sheep down, the high wood, and a long hanging wood called the Hanger. The covert of this eminence is principally beech, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs." The prospect is vast and extensive, being bounded by the Guildford range of the Sussex Downs, and the Downs round Dorking and Reigate, which altogether, with the country round Alton and Farnham, form a noble and expansive outline. The pedestrian, therefore, who has time to spare, may well be tempted to extend his excursion on to Selborne.

Farnborough Station is only six miles from Farnham, and here the excursionist can come over in the afternoon or evening by a reasonable conveyance, deposit himself in one of the South-Western trains, and be back in another two hours amid the streets and shops of London.



PART III.

KENT.

ROCHESTER CASTLE.



EXCURSION I.

LONDON TO GREENWICH—BILLINGSGATE—THE CUSTOM HOUSE—THE TOWER—SAINT KATHERINE'S DOCKS—LONDON DOCKS—WAPPING—ROTHERHITHE—THE TUNNEL—WEST INDIA DOCKS—DEPTFORD—GREENWICH—THE HOSPITAL—THE PAINTED HALL—THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY—THE PARK—BLACKHEATH—LEE—SHOOTER'S HILL—ELTHAM—ELTHAM PALACE—WOOLWICH—THE ARTILLERY BARRACKS—THE ROYAL ARSENAL—THE "REPOSITORY" AND "ROTUNDA"—THE "MILITARY COLLEGE"—THE DOCKYARD—ARRANGEMENTS OF ADMISSION—RETURN TO TOWN.

THERE are no less than four modes of getting to Greenwich, each of them to be severally commended as speedy, agreeable, and economical. They are:—1. By omnibus from Charing Cross down the New Kent Road. 2. By Greenwich Railway from the south side of London Bridge. 3. By Blackwall Railway from Fenchurch Street to Blackwall, crossing the river by a steamer; and 4, by Steamboats from Westminster, Waterloo, Blackfriars, and London Bridges, from which two companies keep up a constant succession of departures every twenty minutes throughout the day. For the sake of variety we shall proceed to describe the journey by water, which, of a fine day, is not only the most agreeable, but, as furnishing an excellent opportunity of seeing the scenery of the Thames, is perhaps most desirable to strangers.

Leaving London Bridge, a perfect forest of masts, belonging to ships of all sizes and all nations, looms out in the Pool. *Billingsgate*, situated chiefly at the back of that cluster of buildings by the Custom House, has been since the days of William III. the most famous fish-market in Europe. The *Custom House*, likewise on our left, was begun in 1813, and finished four years afterwards, at a cost of nearly half-a-

million. It contains nearly 200 distinct apartments, each having a range of communication with the Long Room, which is 197 feet long, and 50 feet high. One hundred clerks are engaged about this room alone, and the principal business of "clearing" is here conducted. We next see the *Tower*, said to have been built by Julius Cæsar, and afterwards reconstructed by William the Conqueror. The last state prisoners here were Thistlewood and his associates, in 1820, for the Cato Street conspiracy. The public have free access from ten till four: one shilling being charged to view the regalia. About half-a-mile lower down are the warehouses of *Saint Katherine's Docks*, which cost one million in construction, and were first opened in 1828. The *London Docks*, close by, opened in 1805, occupy a space of about 30 acres. *Wapping* is a well-known resort for sailors and those connected with maritime pursuits. At Execution Dock pirates were formerly hung in chains. *Rotherhithe*, opposite, is, in its river frontage, only distinguished by a mass of warehouses, and the glimpse we get of the old parish church, where Prince Lee Boo was buried. The *Tunnel*, over which we next pass, was first commenced, to afford a subaqueous communication between the two sides of the river, in 1825, and was completed, after much difficulty and expense, in twenty years. Sir I. Brunel was the projector and engineer. The height is nearly 25 feet, and the length 1,300 feet. One penny toll is charged for each passenger. Entering the Lower Pool we pass *Limehouse*, where the Regent's Canal communicates with the Thames, and have next to notice the *West India Docks*, opened in 1802, after an expenditure of £1,200,000, and extending over an area of 204 acres. On the opposite side of the river are the *Commercial Docks*, after which is passed Earl's Sluice, forming the boundary between Surrey and Kent. *Deptford*, where the dockyard and its bustling animation gives a lively appearance to the shore, reminds one of Peter the Great, who, in 1698, came to Sayes Court and studied the craft of ship-building at the once picturesque retreat of Evelyn, the auto-biographist and author of "Sylva."

But, alas for the glories of Sayes Court—its glittering hollies, long avenues, and trim hedges! That portion of the victualling yard where oxen are slaughtered and hogs salted for the use of the navy occupies the enchanting grounds wherein Evelyn was wont to delight, and on the site of the mansion itself is the common workhouse of the parish. Approaching Greenwich Reach, where large quantities of white bait are caught in the season, the opening of the river discloses a pretty view of a distant country beyond, and, with a few more revolutions of the paddle wheel, we are brought to our destination.

Greenwich presents a striking appearance from the river, its Hospital forming one of the most prominent attractions of the place. Here was the palace erected by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, and by him called Placentia, and here were born Henry VIII. and his two daughters, Queens Mary and Elizabeth. Charles II. began the present magnificent edifice, and William III. appropriated it to its present patriotic purpose, since which time successive sovereigns have contributed to enrich it with various additions. As the first generally seen we shall begin our description with an account of its interior. The Chapel and Picture Gallery are open gratis on Mondays and Fridays; on other days threepence each is charged for admission. It is as well to remind the reader that the Hospital consists of four distinct piles of building, distinguished by the appellations of King Charles's, King William's, Queen Mary's, and Queen Anne's. King Charles's and Queen Anne's are those next the river, and between them is the grand square, 270 feet wide, and the terrace by the river front, 865 feet in length. Beyond the square are seen the Hall and Chapel with their noble domes, and the two colonnades, which are backed by the eminence whereon the Observatory stands throned amid a grove of trees. In the centre of the great square is Rysbrach's statue of George II., carved out of white marble, from a block taken from the French by Sir George Rooke, and which weighed eleven tons. On the west side is King Charles's building,

erected chiefly of Portland stone in the year 1684. The whole contains about 300 beds, distributed in 13 wards. Queen Anne's building, on the east side of the square, corresponding with that on the opposite side, was begun in 1693 and completed in 1726. There are here 24 wards with 437 beds, and several of the officers' apartments. To the south-west is King William's building, comprising the great hall, vestibule, and dome, erected, between 1698 and 1703, by Sir Christopher Wren. It contains 11 wards and 554 beds. Queen Mary's building was, with the chapel, not completed till 1752. It contains 13 wards and 1,100 beds. *The Painted Hall*, a noble structure opposite the chapel, is divided into three rooms, exhibiting as you enter statues of Nelson and Duncan, with 28 pictures of various sizes; the chief are Turner's large picture of "The Battle of Trafalgar," the "Relief of Gibraltar," and the "Defeat of the French Fleet under Compte de Grasse." On the opposite side is Louthembourg's picture of Lord Howe's victory on the memorable 1st of June, 1794, whilst above are suspended the flags taken in the battle. The other pictures up the steps are chronologically arranged, the most prominent being "The Death of Captain Cook," the "Battle of Camperdown," "Nelson leaping into the San Josef," and "The Bombardment of Algiers." It may not be generally known that every mariner, either in the Royal Navy or merchant service, pays sixpence a month towards the support of this noble institution, which has, of course, besides a handsome revenue (£130,000) derived from other sources. The pensioners, who are of every rank from the admiral to the humblest sailor, are qualified for admission by being either maimed or disabled by age. Foreigners who have served two consecutive years in the British service are equally entitled to the privileges, and the widows of seamen are exclusively appointed nurses. The Hospital was first opened in January, 1705, and now the pensioners provided with food, clothes, lodging, and a small stipend for pocket-money, number nearly 2,500. The number of out-pensioners is about 3,000. The

“Royal Naval School,” for training the sons of seamen to the naval service, is a most interesting institution, administering the best instruction to now about 450 boys.

The “Royal Observatory,” occupying the most elevated spot in Greenwich Park, was built on the site of the old castle, the foundation stone being laid on the 10th of August, 1675. The first superintendent of the establishment was Flamsteed, and he commenced his observations in the following year. It stands about 300 feet above the level of the river, for the shipping in which the round globe at its summit drops precisely at noon, to give the exact Greenwich time. The noble park is chiefly planted with elms and chesnut trees, and contains 188 acres. It was walled round with brick in the reign of James I. The views from the summit are very fine, embracing perhaps the finest prospect of London and the Thames, the forests of Hainault and Epping, the heights of Hampstead, and a survey of Kent, Surrey, and Essex, as far as the eye can reach. The flitting of the fawns through the distant glades, the venerable aspect of the trees themselves—many of them saplings in the time of Elizabeth—and the appearance of the veteran pensioners, some without a leg or arm, others hobbling on from the infirmity of wounds or age, and all clad in the old-fashioned blue coats and breeches, with cocked hats, give beauty and animation to a scene which no other country in the world can boast.

A small doorway in the south-western extremity of the park brings us out with a sudden contrast on to *Blackheath*, where Wat Tyler assembled the Kentish rebels in the reign of Richard II., and where Jack Cade and his fellow insurgents are said to have held their midnight meetings in a cavern which still remains, though so choked up as to be considered nearly inaccessible. *Lee* is about a mile distant, crossing the Heath towards the south. In the old church was buried Halley the astronomer. On the east of Blackheath is “Morden College,” founded in 1695, for decayed merchants, and now having about forty recipients of its benefits. Following the

old Dover-road, which crossing the Heath leads on to Shooter's Hill, we pass a rustic little hostelry, on our left, distinguished by the peculiar title of the "Sun-in-the-Sands." Hazlitt, Hunt, and others of our essayists, were often wont to ramble over here; there is the advantage of an open balcony, from which a pleasant view may be obtained of the surrounding country. It is recorded by old Hall, the historian, that King Henry VIII. often rode "a-maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill with Queen Katherine his wife, and many lords and ladies in gay attire." Several jousts and tourneys took place here in the same reign, at one of which the King himself, accompanied by the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Essex, and Sir George Carew, challenged all comers to tilt at the barriers. This was on the 20th of May in the 8th year of King Harry's reign: he got too crass and corpulent for such athletic pastimes afterwards. Shooter's Hill—anciently *Suiter's* hill, from the number of applicants, doubtless, that came this way to procure places about the court—is 446 feet high, and commands an expansive prospect. The "mighty mass of brick and smoke and shipping," as Byron calls the view of London from this point, is well contrasted with the foliage of the wooded country extending towards the south beyond the vale of Eltham. On the summit rises the commemorative castle of Severndroog, built, in 1784, by Sir William James, to celebrate the conquest of one so called on the coast of Malabar.

For those who either have seen Woolwich or who prefer postponing their visit thither for a distinct excursion, we can especially recommend a deviation from Shooter's Hill down the inviting green lane at its base that leads to *Eltham*, a pleasant walk of hardly two miles. Here stood anciently one of the most magnificent of England's royal palaces. Anthony Bec, the "battling Bishop" of Durham, erected the first mansion, about the middle of the 13th century, and on his death the manor with its possessions fell to the Crown, which is still the rightful owner of the property. John, son of Edward II.,

was born here, in 1315, and was thence called John of Eltham. In the next reign the Parliament was here convened, and Edward IV., after rebuilding it, kept his Christmas here with great splendour in 1482. Henry VII. made still further additions, and in his time the Royal Palace consisted of four quadrangles enclosed within a high wall and encircled by a moat. A garden and three parks were attached, comprising about 1,800 acres, and were well stocked with deer. The many fine old trees that still remain show how richly wooded this district must have formerly been. All that now remains of this once stately edifice is the Hall or Banqueting Room, which has been for years converted to the plebeian uses of a barn. Nothing can be more interesting than this relic of ancient kingly grandeur. The symbol of the rose, seen on various portions of the building, identifies the Hall as that erected by Edward IV. In 1828 its neglected condition attracted the attention of antiquarians, and government undertook the work of restoration, to secure the permanence of what remained. The Hall is about 100 feet long, and 60 feet high, and it has been well said "the taste and talent of ages are concentrated in its design." The windows have been built up, but the splendid roof is nearly perfect. From the immense length of the beams, sound and straight throughout, it has been considered that a forest must have yielded its choicest timber for the supply, and it is evident the material has been wrought with amazing labour and admirable skill. Some of the walls of the old garden are perceptible, to the east of the palace, and there is an ancient dwelling close by worth notice. In 1834 some curious subterraneous passages were discovered. Under the ground-floor was found a trap-door opening into a room underground, ten feet wide, and communicating with Middle Park, where there were excavations sufficient to contain sixty horses. About 500 feet of this passage was entered, and 200 feet of another, which passed under the moat, and was believed, from traditions extant, to lead under Blackheath to Greenwich or the river. In the field leading

from Eltham to Mottingham the archway was broken into, but the brickwork could be traced considerably further in the same direction. After leaving the Hall go and see Eltham Church; not that it is architecturally remarkable, but in the churchyard will be found a tomb to Doggett, the comedian, who bequeathed the coat and badge still rowed for every 1st of August by the "jolly young watermen" of the Thames. Hence we can get back to Greenwich, and go home by railway.

Woolwich can be reached either by water, or, as forming a continuation of our present stroll down the road, we can turn off by the sixth mile-stone and go through Charlton, or take the road to the left at Shooter's Hill. Of course nearly all the interest connected with Woolwich is concentrated in the government establishments, which are acknowledged to be the finest in the world. These, consisting of the Dockyard, Arsenal, and Royal Military Repository, we shall describe in the rotation generally adopted when seeing them. Coming from Shooter's Hill and crossing Woolwich Common, the extensive range of buildings forming the barracks of the Royal Artillery first attracts attention. The principal front extends above 1,200 feet. In the eastern wing is the chapel, containing 1,000 sittings, and the other principal parts of the building are the library and reading-room, plentifully supplied with newspapers and periodicals. The whole establishment affords excellent accommodation for upwards of 4,000 men. The troops, when on parade, present a very animated appearance. The "Royal Arsenal" will be observed but a short distance off, composed of several buildings, wherein the manufacture of implements of warfare is carried on upon the most extensive scale. On entering the gateway the visitor will see the "Foundry" before him, provided with everything necessary for casting the largest pieces of ordnance, for which, as in the other branches of manufacture, steam power has been lately applied. Connected with the "Pattern Room," adjoining, will be noticed several of the illuminations and devices

used in St. James's Park to commemorate the peace of 1814. The "Laboratory" exhibits a busy scene, for here are made the cartridges, rockets, fireworks, and the other chemical contrivances for warfare, which, though full of "sound and fury," are far from being considered amongst the enemy as "signifying nothing." To the north are the storehouses, where are comprised outfitings for 15,000 cavalry horses, and accoutrements for service. The area of the Arsenal includes no less than 24,000 pieces of ordnance, and 3,000,000 of cannon balls piled up in huge pyramids. The "Repository" and "Rotunda" are on the margin of the Common, to the south of the town, and contain models of the most celebrated fortifications in Europe, with curiosities innumerable. To the south-east of the Repository is the "Royal Military Academy," for the education of the cadets in all the branches of artillery and engineering. The present building, partly in the Elizabethan style, was erected in 1805, and though 300 could be accommodated, the number of cadets at present does not exceed 160. In going from the Arsenal to the Garrison there will be noticed, on the right of the road, an extensive building forming the head-quarters of the Royal Sappers and Miners. On the same side the way is the "Field Artillery Depot," where the guns are mounted and kept in readiness for instant action. The Hospital is to the left of the Garrison entrance, fitted up with 700 beds, and under the superintendence of the most skilful medical officers. From the Arsenal we proceed to the Dockyard, which, commencing at the village of New Charlton on the west, extends a mile along the banks of the river to the east. There are two large dry docks for the repair of vessels, and a spacious basin for receiving vessels of the largest size. The granite docks, and the Foundry and Boiler-maker department, recently added, have been great improvements. Timber sheds, mast-houses, storehouses, and ranges of massive anchors, give a very busy aspect to the place, which was first formed in the reign of Henry VIII., and considerably enlarged by Charles I. The new "Royal

Marine Barracks," designed by Mr. Crew, and just finished, cost £100,000. An excellent feature is the kitchen, appropriated to every 40 men, so that the meals may be taken apart from the bedroom. There is also a school attached for 200 boys and girls. The following form the arrangements of admission to the above important buildings:—to the Arsenal, the Royal Repository, and the Dockyard, *free*; the hours being from 9 till 11 a.m., and 1 till 4 p.m. Visitors are required to leave their names at the gates. The other buildings require the escort of one of the principal officers.

Though within the last four years nearly 2,000 additional houses have been built, the town presents few inducements for a prolonged visit, and has no feature of interest in itself whatever. The old church looks better at a distance than close, and there are few monuments in the churchyard bearing names familiar to the eye and ear. Perhaps, after his visit to the Arsenal, the visitor will feel most interested in that to Schalch, a Swiss, who died in 1776, at the advanced age of ninety years, sixty of which he passed as superintendent of the Foundry there. Indeed it was to him chiefly that the establishment owed its origin, for he was the cause of its removal from Moorfields, and the improvements made in conducting the operations.

From Woolwich we have the choice of three speedy modes of transit to town:—1. By steamer direct to London Bridge and Westminster. 2. By steam ferry across to Blackwall, and so on by railway to Fenchurch Street; and 3, by a similar conveyance to the new station of the Eastern Counties Railway, on the Essex banks of the river, which brings us to Shoreditch. The excursionist may consult his own convenience for preference of choice.

EXCURSION II.

LONDON BRIDGE TO GRAVESEND—ERITH—PURFLEET—DARTFORD—GREENHITHE—NORTHFLEET—ROSHERVILLE—GRAVESEND—WINDMILL HILL—TILBURY FORT—SPRINGHEAD—COBHAM—COBHAM CHURCH—COBHAM HALL—COBHAM WOOD—RETURN TO GRAVESEND.

GRAVESEND, despite its acknowledged character as the "Watering-Place" of Cockaigne, where Londoners diurnally resort, and place implicit faith in the salt breezes wafted by an easterly wind to its shores, is yet one of the most pleasantly situated, and most easily attained, of all the places throned upon the margin of the Thames. It is, moreover, a capital starting point for a series of excursions through the finest parts of Kent, and has, besides, in its own immediate neighbourhood, some tempting allurements to the summer excursionist in the way of attractive scenery and venerable buildings. Having previously given a description of the objects passed down the river as far as Woolwich, we shall resume our details from that point, to avoid repetition.

Off Woolwich will be observed the old ships known as "The Hulks," where the convicts, working in gangs, are employed in various useful works for the benefit of that community whose laws they have violated. After passing Half-way Reach, where there is a small public house, known as "The Half-way House," indicating that point ($14\frac{3}{4}$ miles from London) to be exactly midway between London Bridge and Gravesend, we see on the Essex coast Dagenham Breach, where, in December, 1707, the tide broke through the dikes and flooded upwards of 1,000 acres. *Erith* next presents its picturesque church and wooded uplands to the right, and is a tempting village to loiter in when opportunity serves. A fine

pier, at which the boats of the "Diamond" Company call, has been constructed for the accommodation of those who embark or disembark here, and an "Arboretum," with extensive pleasure grounds, has been recently opened to attract visitors. Erith Church is a charming study for either artist or antiquary. The ivy which clings about the structure, and the masses of foliage that rise beyond, give it a very striking aspect. The structure consists of a nave and chancel, with a low tower and spire, and evidently has a venerable length of years, for besides the date of some of its monuments going back as far as the year 1420, it has been identified as the spot where King John and the Barons drew up their treaty of peace. In the south chapel is an alabaster tomb, much mutilated, to the memory of Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury, and her daughter Anne, Countess of Pembroke, who both died in the reign of Elizabeth. Adjacent are some fine brasses in good preservation, though the inscriptions attached to them have been quite obliterated. They all belong to the Waldens, members of the same family. Belvidere, the seat of Lord Saye and Sele, is an elegant mansion, in a very romantic situation, commanding extensive views over the country round. It was rebuilt towards the close of the last century, and contains some fine apartments of true aristocratic splendour. From Northumberland Heath, a spacious tract of fertile ground in this parish, the metropolitan markets are largely supplied with Kentish cherries, and in the neighbourhood some handsome houses and villas have been lately erected. East India vessels frequently anchor in Erith Reach and discharge their cargoes.

Purfleet, with its romantic chalk cliffs and excavations, is next visible on the Essex shore, and is said to have been thus called from an ejaculation of Queen Elizabeth, who exclaimed, "Alas! my *Poor Fleet*," as she witnessed from this spot the departure of her little force to oppose the passage of the "Invincible" Armada. The "poor fleet" having returned victorious, the place became thus designated in memory of the

event, but it seems to have been after all but a sorry royal pun, for in the time of Edward the Third it was called the manor of Portflete, and then belonged to the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem. Here the Government Powder Magazine is kept, having been, in the year 1762, removed hence from Greenwich. About three million pounds of gunpowder are generally preserved in the building, which of course has been so constructed that no danger by explosion need be apprehended. Lightning conductors are affixed to the exterior, and the usual regulations are observed when entering. Across the open country, on the Kentish side, may be seen the ancient church of *Dartford*, a creek where the river Darent or Dart discharges its waters into the Thames, affording a navigable communication with the town. Dartford was an important Roman station, and is memorable in history as the scene of Wat Tyler's insurrection in 1382. There are still some remains of a nunnery founded by Edward III., and the powder mills and iron foundries of Messrs. Hall give great importance to the traffic carried on by the inhabitants.

Greenhithe, which we next pass, has several neat residences within its limits, occupying very pleasant situations; but, beyond the pier, and a small parish church at Swanscombe, has no feature calling for special mention. The stately mansion seen from the river is "Ingress Abbey," the seat of J. Harmer, Esq., and is chiefly composed of the stone obtained from old London Bridge when it was pulled down. Swanscombe Wood, at the back, is a rare spot for pic-nic parties, and has a cavern rejoicing in the appellation of "Clappernapper's Hole," with some smuggling traditions in connection with it. Here it was that the men of Kent stopped the Norman Conqueror, and compelled him to concede the ancient privilege of Gavelkind. *West Thurrock*, on the opposite side the river, is devoid of anything to win more than a passing glance, though Belmont Castle, a fine castellated edifice belonging to a gentleman named Webb, is in a very agreeable position. From Greenhithe to Grays—a small

market-town on the Essex coast, with a new pier and numerous brick-kilns—the river is called St. Clement's Reach; and we then enter Northfleet Hope, where the widened expanse shows us the approach to Gravesend, and the straggling buildings of Northfleet poised upon a range of chalk cliffs.

Northfleet has an ancient church, one of the largest in Kent, containing several monuments of interesting antiquity, among which will be found one to Dr. Brown, physician to Charles II., and some curious brasses of the fourteenth century. The extensive excavations about here, forming a sort of miniature Switzerland, not only give the scenery a wild and romantic aspect, but furnish valuable materials for the potteries. *Rosherville*, though a suburb of Gravesend, belongs to this parish, and its neat pier is soon seen to the right, forming an elegant communication with that extensive range of buildings erected a few years since on the estate of the late Jeremiah Rosher. The Rosherville Gardens are open daily to the public, at the moderate admission fee of sixpence, and present a combination of attractions, produced by the united agency of nature and art, that leave them almost without a rival. It is absolutely astonishing to see what a fairy-land has been here created out of a chalk-pit. There are gala nights throughout the summer, when fireworks, music, and illuminations are added to the other enchantments of the spot. The Clifton Baths, on what is called "The Parade," are commodiously fitted up for cold, shower, warm, and vapour bathing, and seem to have been built in grotesque mimicry of the Pavilion at Brighton.

Gravesend has from the river a varied and pleasing aspect, which is not destroyed by a more intimate acquaintance with the town. Passengers by the boats of the "Star" Company are disembarked at the Rosherville and Terrace Piers; those by the "Diamond" at the Town Pier. The latter, formed of cast iron, belongs to the corporation, and leads up through the narrow High Street, studded with taverns, to the London

Road The Terrace Pier, projecting on 22 cast iron columns nearly 200 feet into the river, leads direct to Harmer Street and Windmill Hill, besides affording a convenient approach to the elegant suburban district of Milton. The Terrace Gardens, on each side the entrance to the pier, are really very creditably and tastefully laid out, and as a day-admission-ticket can be had for twopence, expense is no obstacle to the public frequenting them. Directly you traverse the streets of Gravesend you see at a glance for what the town is famous. Shrimps and watercresses tempt the visitor in every possible variety of supply, and places where both are obtainable, with "Tea at ninepence a head," are in wonderful numerical strength. Like all other resorts for London visitors, taverns and tea gardens are abundant; their name is legion, and most of them have mazes, archery grounds, and "gipsy tents" attached, where the inquisitive that way can purchase the prophecy of a magnificent fortune for the smallest sum in silver. Apartments can be had in nearly every house, and, from the recognised salubrity of the air, and the beauty of the scenery surrounding, they are rarely untenanted during the height of the summer season. There is an excellent market, held every Wednesday and Saturday; a Town Hall, built in 1836; a Literary Institution, with a library, billiard-rooms, and assembly-rooms inclusive, built in 1842; churches and chapels in abundance; numerous libraries and bazaars; water-works on the summit of Windmill Hill; baths by the river, and a commodious Custom House near the Terrace Gardens. Those who like to bathe in something approximating to salt water should be governed by the influx of the tide, at which time an ablution that may be called a "Sea-bath" can be indulged in with more personal gratification. Windmill Hill is, however, the magnet of the multitude, and a pleasanter or more varied panorama than that to be obtained from its summit is not to be found in places of much higher pretensions. There is one of the best views of the Thames winding between the shores of Kent and Essex, and, on every side, a

far-spread landscape that embraces the shipping at the Nore, Southend Pier, Knockholt Beeches, on the very verge of Sussex, and a range of country spangled with clustered cottages and distant masses of woodland, that displays around a picture of unrivalled luxuriance and fertility. The Hill is crowned by an excellent tavern, called "The Belle Vue," to the proprietor of which belongs the old windmill—the first erected in England, and as old in its foundations as the days of Edward III. Here refreshments are provided on the largest and most liberal scale, and an admirable Camera, together with some pleasure grounds, and a labyrinth of ingenious construction, offer the best and most captivating allurements to visitors. Of late years every available spot has been built upon about the hill, and on a fine day thousands of our metropolitan denizens, leaving the purlieus of the smoke-environed city, may be seen here, scattered over its sloping sides, participating in the healthful enjoyment it affords, and breathing the purer and fresher atmosphere of its elevated region. Those aquatically disposed will find it worth their while to take a boat across the river to *Tilbury Fort*, opposite, which was built by Henry VIII., to guard this portion of the river, and visitors are permitted, on application to the resident governor, to inspect the fortifications. Returning to Gravesend, the environs will be found replete with rural walks to gratify the eye and mind of the Rambler. At *Springhead*, where there is a watercress plantation of considerable extent, will be seen the Cemetery, neatly laid out, and covering an extent of about six acres. But, of all the places round, none should neglect an excursion to *Cobham*, four miles distant, where, in the old wood and hall, a day's enjoyment can be most fully ensured. There are several vehicles always ready to be hired, that will take the visitor at a reasonable rate by the road; but as those who can appreciate a delightful walk will not find the distance too fatiguing, we shall proceed to indicate the route for the pedestrian. The Hall and Picture Gallery are open to the public every Friday; admission is by

tickets, price one shilling each, supplied at Caddel's Library, and the proceeds thus resulting are applied to the school and other free institutions of the neighbourhood.

Taking the footpath at the back of Windmill Hill, the pedestrian will find it traversing a picturesque country, now crossing the sweeping undulation of a cornfield, and anon skirting a shaded copse with bluebells and primroses starting up in prodigal luxuriance through the tangled underwood. We next pass through a hop-plantation, and in summer, when the bine has sprung up to the top of the poles, and the shoots have thrust themselves off to the next, and so joined in a leafy communion of luxuriant vegetation, the scene becomes truly Arcadian, and an excellent substitute for the vineyards of the south. Leaving the little village of Singewell to the right, we have a finger post to guide us, and a few minutes after reach the outskirts of this sequestered village. The first object to which the visitor will naturally direct his attention is the old church, occupying rising ground in nearly the centre of the parish, and having on the southern side an extensive view. The antiquarian may here enjoy a great treat in inspecting the ancient monuments to be found in the interior, as there are several brasses of the Cobham family, successive generations of which, from the year 1354, have lived and died in the parish, as these memorials testify. On an altar-monument, in the middle of the chancel, are two full length effigies, with several children around them in a kneeling position. This was erected to the memory of George Lord Cobham, who had been the Governor of Calais in the reign of Elizabeth, and who died in 1558. On the tomb of Maud de Cobham is a curious sculptured figure of a dog, and one similar will be found in the chancel on the tomb of Joan, wife of Reginald Braybroke. They are worthy notice, as exemplifying the attachment felt towards two faithful canine adherents to the fortunes of the family. Outside, on the southern wall, there are some elegant tablets too of the Darnley family, and around are many humbler tombs bearing quaint and curious

inscriptions. In such a scene we can afford to smile at the hacknied quotations, the recurrence of the same breaches of grammar, the inroads upon the laws of poetry and the common-sense of prose. Occasionally, however, we meet with epitaphs endowed with a keen perception of beauty, or indicative of strong natural feeling, and these cannot but excite a solemn pleasure in the heart of the rural pedestrian. At the back of the church are some almshouses for the reception of twenty poor people, who have each a quarter of an acre of land, and a monthly stipend of eighteen shillings. It was originally founded in 1362. The inmates of this ancient building, dignified with the name of a college, are nominated respectively by the proprietor of Cobham Hall, the wardens of Rochester Bridge, and the neighbouring parishes. Passing through the village which the readers of "Pickwick" will remember to have been the scene of one of the most humorous adventures of that renowned "Club," we proceed to the old Hall, bearing the name of a family that, from the reign of King John to the accession of James I., was amongst the most eminent in the country. Before describing the building it will not be uninteresting to glance at the history of its former owners. In the 15th century the Cobham estate belonged to Joan, grand-daughter and heiress of John Lord Cobham. This lady had no less than five husbands, one of them being the celebrated Sir John Oldcastle, who assumed the title of Cobham. Sir John, who had been the intimate friend of Henry V. in his younger days, and in whom some have erroneously detected the original of Sir John Falstaff, was soon after charged by the clergy with favouring the Lollards, and inciting "grievous heresy" in the king's dominions. In the proclamation issued by the King it is declared that the Lollards meant to destroy him, confiscate the possessions of the church, and appoint Sir John Oldcastle president of the Commonwealth. He was in consequence taken prisoner, in 1616, and, after an obstinate resistance, was sentenced to be hanged as a traitor and burned as a heretic.

The estates, however, remained in the possession of his widow, who died in 1433, and from this period till 1596 they descended in lineal succession. In that year they came into the possession of Henry Lord Cobham, who was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Constable of Dover Castle, and Lord Lieutenant of the county. In 1603 this nobleman was accused, with others, of having been concerned in Sir Walter Raleigh's conspiracy, and being brought to trial at Winchester, on account of the plague then raging in London, they were found guilty and judgment of death recorded. The brother of Lord Cobham was executed, but in his own case the sentence was remitted, and the estate being confiscated, he was reduced to the greatest poverty, his death, in 1619, being accelerated through absolute want. Having thus fallen into possession of the Crown, the manor of Cobham was granted by James I. to James Stewart, one of his own kinsmen, who seems with his successor not to have exhibited very thrifty management, for the house and grounds were sold at the close of the 17th century to enable the owner to satisfy his creditors. The price given furnishes a curious contrast with that which would be realized in the present day. The deer park, with the paddocks, containing as by survey 830 acres, was only valued at ten shillings the acre, the timber, woods, &c., being all included. It is also incidentally mentioned that at this time the mansion, which cost £60,000 building, had fourteen acres of orchard and garden-ground attached.

The remainder of its history may be briefly told. In 1714 the Hall and estate came by marriage into the possession of an Irish family of the name of Bligh, one of whom, in 1725, was created Earl of Darnley, and the seat of the Earls of Darnley it has continued to be ever since. The Hall is a massive and stately structure, consisting of two wings and a noble centre, the work of Inigo Jones. The oldest portions are those at the two extremities, flanked with octagonal towers, but modern art, in contributing the sashed windows and brickwork facing, has increased the comfort of the

mansion at the expense of the picturesque. The Picture Gallery, having a choice collection of paintings by the old masters, and the unique gilt hall, form the most prominent features of attraction in the interior, but the apartments besides are elegantly furnished, and the quadrangle and old brick passages of the outbuildings wear about them an aspect of unmistakeable antiquity. On the south side, leading up to the principal entrance, is a noble lime tree avenue, extending upwards of 3,000 feet in length. In the park, which is nearly seven miles round, there are some noble oak and chesnut trees, many of them measuring twenty feet and upwards in circumference. It has also the reputation of producing venison of superior flavour, derived from the peculiar excellence of the herbage, and it was on this fare probably that both Queen Elizabeth and Charles II. were regaled when they visited Cobham; for the former, according to Strype, was welcomed with a "delectable banquet and great cheer." In a romantic spot, towards the south-east end of the park, on an eminence called "William's Hill," there is a spacious mausoleum, erected, in 1783, by the present Lord Darnley's grandfather. It is built of Portland stone, in an octagonal form, after the Doric order, and cost £9,000, but, never having been consecrated, it has not been devoted to the purpose for which it was intended.

Cobham Wood is a glorious region for the Rambler, and the footpath to Rochester, through the very heart of its sylvan solitudes, a delightful track to follow. The pedestrian can also return, through the wood and Upper Shorne, to Gravesend by way of Chalk. Either way, a day's enjoyment here is complete. The countless hordes of wild flowers, the golden treasures of the prickly gorse, the dark green majesty of the fern—that always looks to us like a miniature resemblance to those Eastern trees spoken of in the "Arabian Nights"—and all these spangled with the beads of sunlight, flung down, through the spreading branches overhead, from the azure canopy above, and there is here enough and more than

enough to drive away from the heart every sign of care and worldly grievance. It is no slight addition to the picturesque charms of the forest foliage if you can wait and watch the effect of the sunset, marking the rich gradations of light and shade in which the quivering leaves are alternately steeped. In fact there is many a less interesting place to loiter in than Cobham Wood, and the dreamy tone imparted to the mental faculties by such a meditative lounge is a sort of warm bath for the imagination, refreshing it with a reverie which will enable the every-day realities of life to be more vigorously grappled with, and more successfully turned to advantage.*

The whole country round here is full of temptations for the erratic Rambler, and the winding green lanes and quiet foot-paths, that lead away from Cobham to the secluded villages towards the south, are enough to make a staid, sober citizen, who cherishes an intrusive recollection of dismal counting-houses and their commercial concomitants, envy that reckless freedom and joyous liberty possessed by the wandering vagrants whom he will occasionally encounter on the road. It is just the region where imagination lends a ray of ideal beauty to even the most trite occurrences of such a roaming life as that of the gipsy. We feel momentarily fascinated with that glorious embodiment of the poetry of vagabondism—that sunny existence spent in bye roads and bosky dells, tented by the spreading branches of fine old oaks, and sheltered by Nature's awnings from the summer rays—that relic of the eastern clime, which serves as a picturesque inroad on the dull conventionalities of country living, and throws a dash of romantic adventure into a chance encounter with the tribe. Yet with whatever alluring colours fancy may invest the gipsy life, another moment's reflection soon dispels the illusion, by reminding us that the aspect under which they

* For further particulars connected with Gravesend and the scenery of the coast see "Adams's Guide to the Watery-Places of England," in which a complete description is given of all the most admired marine resorts throughout England, the Channel Islands, &c.

view their career is widely different to what seems apparent to an unconcerned observer; and that, although daily surrounded by landscapes of rural beauty and sublimity, a want of mental refinement disqualifies them for the thorough enjoyment of the scenes by which they are environed. But to those with an imagination properly constructed there is an extraordinary charm about a ramble of this kind. We put off all the grating cares and petty annoyances of life when we put on our easy boots. We become ourselves the very incarnation of happiness; the pink—possibly not of perfection—but of pleasantry; and in short, if the proper state of mind has been duly attained, a day's ramble in Cobham Wood will make one of those "green spots in memory's waste" on which it is so delightful afterwards to repose, and listlessly ruminate over cheerful retrospections:—

"As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
These once bright scenes of days left far behind,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind."

EXCURSION III.

**GRAVESEND TO ROCHESTER—ROCHESTER CASTLE—
THE CATHEDRAL—COWLING CASTLE—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY
OF THE MEDWAY—CHATHAM—THE DOCKYARD—GARRISON—
BROMPTON BARRACKS — UPNOR CASTLE — THE RACES —
REVIEWS.**

FROM Gravesend to Rochester the excursionist has now the choice of road or rail. Trains start every hour throughout the day, and omnibuses likewise depart on the arrival of each steamboat from London. The Gravesend and Rochester Railway runs parallel with the Thames and Medway Canal, now filled up below Higham, and passes through a tunnel two miles in length. As the road presents a greater variety of scenery we shall indicate the objects passed by that route in preference. Just out of Gravesend, crossing the line of railway in prospective communication with the Terminus by London Bridge, we pass Milton Church, a venerable edifice, which, though recently modernised, has still some portions remaining of the old tower built in the 15th century. On the other side of Chalk is Chalk Church, one of the most ancient in England, and having over the porch some curious sculptured figures that have long perplexed antiquaries to account for their origin. The road then winds over Gad's Hill, the scene of Falstaff's imaginary encounter with the men in "buckram," and the Shaksperian adventure on which is perpetuated by the signboard of a roadside tavern laying in the hollow beyond. A short distance further and the grey towers of Rochester Castle, rising above the surrounding buildings, meet our view, forming a picture, as we descend the hill towards Strood, of great interest and beauty. Strood,

though an ancient place, now derives all its importance from its vicinity to Rochester; so crossing the stone bridge, 560 feet long, which spans the Medway—here winding on through cultivated meadows and fertile uplands—we at once enter the precincts of this time-hallowed cathedral city.

Rochester is believed to have been a British town long before the Roman invasion, and from ancient documents the city appears to have been walled round at least as early as the time of the first Ethelbert. The bridge itself is one of the finest old bridges in England, and was built, in 1392, by Sir Robert Knowles, a renowned military knight of the court of Edward III. If the Saxons had a castle here no portion of such building remains, for the oldest fragments of the present ruin are in the early Norman style; and most probably this was one of the many fortresses erected by William the Conqueror. Embosomed amidst the finest scenery in all Kent, Rochester Castle stands also in an extremely favorable position for defence, occupying the south-west angle of the city, on an eminence rising abruptly from the Medway. Here and there are vestiges of the outward walls, which formed an irregular parallelogram of about three hundred feet in length, strengthened by square and round towers, provided with loop-holes and machicolations; but these, with the walls themselves, are fast crumbling into decay. The composition used in their structure was the Kentish ragstone, cemented by a strong grout or mortar, in which immense quantities of sea-shells were embedded, acquiring from age a consistency equal if not superior to stone itself. Four centuries have elapsed since the castle was last repaired, and the deep ditch, which formerly defended the north, south, and east sides, is now filled up. Of all the fragments of the towers remaining none equal in extent and durability those of "Gundulph's Tower," which was erected by that busy builder and bishop whose name it bears. It is of a quadrangular form, 112 feet high, and 70 feet long at the base. The walls, as they rise from the ground, incline slightly inwards. Ascending the winding stairs, of

about six feet in width, and which, now much decayed, open into every apartment, we see to advantage the upper stories of this decayed and roofless ruin. The state apartments appear to have been in the third story, where there are still four arched doorways, richly ornamented, and 18 feet in height, with a column dividing each of about four feet in diameter. Through the partition walls a well, nearly three feet in diameter, ascends to the summit, communicating on its way with each floor of the building. The roof of the highest room is 93 feet in height from the ground, and beyond this there is an uncovered battlement rising seven feet higher. The turrets at the four corners ascend to the height of 12 feet above the battlement, and hence there is a magnificent view over the valley of the Medway and the country round, inclusive of the city below and the heights of Chatham. All the rooms have fire-places, but, in evidence of the discomfort that prevailed in the "good old times," there is not the slightest indication of a chimney, the smoke passing through a mere hole in the wall, which with other openings served for the admission of light and air.

Rochester Cathedral, one of the oldest ecclesiastical edifices in England, stands near the middle of the city, a little to the south of the High Street. It was founded as long ago as the year 604, but the principal portion was erected by Gundulph in the 11th century. William Lambarde, in his "Perambulation of the County of Kent," speaking of Gundulph, who was Bishop of Rochester for above 30 years, says "he never rested from building and begging, tricking and garnishing, until he had erected his idol building to the wealth, beauty, and estimation of a popish priory." The architecture is of the early Norman style, or that which preceded what is commonly called the Gothic; it has been considerably repaired of late, and in 1840 the whole structure underwent a general renovation and improvement. Between the years 1827 and 1834 no less than £14,000 was spent in the repairs. The edifice forms a double cross, and at the intersection of the

transepts is a tower, erected in 1825. The entire length of the cathedral from east to west is 306 feet. The western and principal entrance is enriched with a liberal display of florid architectural ornaments, but it has been considerably defaced by time and the Parliamentary soldiers, who are said to have converted one part of the cathedral into a carpenter's shop and the other into an ale-house. On each side of the door are a row of small pillars supporting a corresponding series of arches. Two of the pillars are fashioned into statues representing Henry I. and his Queen Matilda, in whose time, and chiefly from whose money, the structure was raised. Under the arch there is a curious carving representing our Saviour sitting in a niche, with an angel on each side, and the twelve apostles at his feet in a lower border, but the design is far from being intelligible. Above is a large window, evidently the work of a later age, and indeed the windows throughout, together with the roof, manifestly have a more recent origin. The interior contains some attractive monuments, and several of the early bishops are buried in the crypt underneath, which is very spacious. The whole is well worthy the outlay of the small fee for which, with the castle, it may be viewed. Rochester has, besides the cathedral, two churches remaining out of the four it once had, and these are very ancient. Saint Nicholas' Church was built in 1421, and St. Margaret's, much modernised, has a curious stone font and some old monuments. In the upper part of High Street is an antique endowment, called "The Poor Traveller's House," where a frugal breakfast and supper, together with fourpence when leaving, could be obtained by all wayfarers who were not, according to the inscription, either "Rogues or Proctors." About four miles north-east of Rochester may be seen the ruins of Cowling Castle, of which the gateway, flanked by two large semicircular towers, and an ivy-crowned turret, near it, alone remain. It was besieged by Sir Thomas Wyatt in the reign of Queen Mary, and soon after nearly demolished, the area now enclosing a large tract used as a farm. On the

other side of Rochester Bridge an excursion up the Medway to Maidstone will be found replete with panoramic diversity of scenery.

Chatham—so closely contiguous to Rochester that the buildings form a line of communication between the two places—was originally a small village, and owes all its importance to the extensive dockyard and garrison, which ever invest it with a lively and busy appearance. The entrance to the dockyard is through a lofty gateway, ornamented with an embattled tower on each side, and leading to an extensive area nearly a mile in length. Besides four wet docks, capable of receiving first rate men of war, a new stone dock has been lately constructed on a still larger scale. Along the banks are numerous storehouses—one of which is 660 feet in length—capacious magazines, a chapel, six slips or launches, and the commodious residences belonging to the officers connected with the various departments. The artificers employed in the dockyard are in time of war above 3,000 in number. To the west of the docks, on a narrow slip of land between the church and the river, is the ordnance wharf, where huge tiers of cannon and pyramids of shot are stored away, for uses to which let us hope they will have no occasion to be put. The barracks at Brompton are exceedingly large, and afford accommodation to an enormous force, some estimate of which may be gathered from the census taken in 1841 giving the resident marine and military population of Chatham at 6,505. The hospitals attached are on the most liberal scale of comfort and expenditure, and the precautions taken to guard the various premises from fire are singularly complete and efficacious.

Upnor Castle, which lies on the opposite side of the Medway, near Strood, is now used as a powder magazine. Chatham Races are held in August, on the heights, and always attract a gay concourse of visitors; but the reviews, of more frequent occurrence, are a never-failing source of interest and admiration to the spectators, who muster in

thousands upon these occasions. The lively music of the military bands, the bright gaiety of the accoutrements, and the wondrous precision of the evolutions, form a combination more calculated than perhaps any other sight in England to dazzle the eye and infect the dullest peasant with a passion for military "glory."

EXCURSION IV.

EDENBRIDGE BY THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY—THE RIVER EDEN—ROAD TO HEVER—HEVER CHURCH—HEVER CASTLE—ANNE BOLEYN'S BEDROOM—THE SECRET DONJON—THE GREAT HALL—CHIDDINGSTONE—PENSURST—THE PARK AND CASTLE—TONBRIDGE WELLS—SEVENOAKS—KNOLE—RIVERHEAD—CHEVENING—KNOCKHOLT BEECHES—HALSTEAD—FARNBOROUGH—KESTON—BROMLEY—BECKINGHAM—THE "QUEEN OF THE GIPSIES"—RETURN HOME.

For our next excursion the assistance of the South-Eastern Railway is desirable. Procure a ticket for the *Edenbridge Station*, 31 miles from London, and you will be promptly deposited in one of the prettiest and most picturesque villages in Kent, after a railway ride that has always something to recommend it on the score of scenery. The village is about a mile from the station, and is chiefly inhabited by the followers of St. Crispin, but the charming pastoral look of the whole district, traversed by the river Eden, almost justifies the adoption of such an appellation for the stream. After a glance at the church, which presents nothing very remarkable, we turn off by a bye-road to the left, under the direction of a finger-post, and passing through a highly fertile region, intersected by pleasant footpaths amid cornfields and hop-gardens, we reach, after an agreeable two miles walk, the little hamlet of *Hever*, where we may pause at the humble hostel bearing the name of "Henry VIII.," and recruit our strength with some of mine host's home-brewed, whilst we refresh our memory with the incidents that have made the locality memorable in history. In the church is a stately marble tomb to the memory of Sir Thomas Boleyn (father of the 'unfortunate Anne'), with this inscription:—"Here lieth Sir Thomas Bullen, Knight of the Order of the Garter, Erle of Wiltshire, and Erle of Ormond,

wiche deceased the 12 daie of March in the Iear of our Lord 1538." Some memorials of the Cobham and Waldo families are also in the chancel.

Hever Castle is about a quarter of a mile from the church, and looks, even at a distance, like a building hallowed by the associations of the past. It was erected, in the reign of Edward III., by William De Hevre, who obtained a charter from the king to "embattle his house," and have the privilege of free-warren. In the reign of Henry the Sixth it was purchased by Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, sometime Lord Mayor of London, and grandfather to the luckless maiden who afterwards became Queen to Henry VIII. At present the Waldo family are in possession of the mansion, which now forms a quadrangle enclosing an inner paved courtyard. The front of the castle is composed of a central keep, with gate and portcullis beneath, and a square tower on each side. Most of the defensive works are in good preservation, the original doors, wickets, knockers, and gratings being yet remaining. The courtyard is fancifully inlaid with red bricks, and leads across to the house, built in the very early Tudor style. The apartments, to which a small gratuity will generally procure a Cicerone, are usually entered by what is now the kitchen, though it formerly served as the great dining hall of the mansion. This room is very spacious, being 90 feet long and 30 wide, and, having some of the old furniture remaining, is not traversed without interest. The staircase beyond communicates with several small ante-rooms, panelled with oak, and a long gallery having an ornamented ceiling in stucco. One of these is Anne Boleyn's bedroom, said to be religiously preserved in its original condition, and having such a delightfully antique appearance that it requires no unwarrantable credulity to believe the tradition. The very bed whereon Anne reposed stands in gloomy grandeur in a dark corner of the room, and, surrounded by its heavy hanging of yellow damask, looks just the place to create the most intensely fearful dreams. Here, too, are the very tables and chairs that

formed the furniture of her boudoir, and in one of the sides of the apartment is a dismal recess that most probably served as a strong cupboard for valuables, though its horrors are increased by a legend that Anne was incarcerated within, and nearly starved to death, by order of her inhuman husband. At the upper end of the gallery is a trap-door, which when lifted up discovers a narrow and precipitous descent, said to lead as far as the moat, and comprising a cell very aptly named "the dungeon." Here, in the "troubulous times" of yore, the family are presumed to have secreted themselves for safety, and a very uncomfortable mode of seclusion it must have been. Passing from the mansion into the interior of the castle, to which a winding stair in one of the towers will conduct us, we enter the great hall, occupying nearly the whole width of the castle, and bearing on its walls a number of ancient family portraits. Among them is one, pensive and placid, representing Anne Boleyn herself, in the dress which she wore on the day of her execution. Her royal honors were but of short duration. On the 25th of January, 1533, her marriage with the many-wived monarch took place; on the 1st of June she was crowned; on the 7th of September she had a daughter, afterwards Queen Elizabeth; and in less than three years, on the 19th of May, 1536, in the 26th year of her age and in the very prime of womanhood, she was unjustly executed. The whole history of this unhappy union is perhaps one of the most romantic and tragical in our English annals. The spot thus imperishably linked with the name of the ill-fated Queen has been somewhat graphically described in the following versification, which we quote as giving a poetic notion of the appearance now presented by this interesting mansion and castle:—

" Adown the crowded woods of Kent,
With embrasure and battlement,
Whilome of many a fray the scene,
And still denoting what hath been,
In silent grandeur to the skies
The old grey walls of Hever rise ;

The moat, which fed by Eden's stream
 Then laved its base, now calm doth seem,
 As if (In grief for those whose sway
 Ruled o'er it in a brighter day,
 And left a charm thereon imprest),
 Its tide had wept itself to rest :
 The entrance flanked by towers which frown
 In all their Gothic sternness down ;
 In rust the teethed portcullis hung,
 The arch wherefrom the drawbridge swung,
 The broad barr'd windows round which time
 Hath ivy-footed dared to climb,
 Are features that e'en now declare,
 How mighty Hever's glories were."

Leaving Hever we pursue our way towards Penshurst, encountering, at two miles distance, the old and most romantic village of *Chiddingstone*, which only wants a Chalet or two and some Alpine heights beyond to make it a perfect resemblance to a Swiss hamlet. There are here some vestiges of the ancient Druids, and the church has the credit of possessing the finest tower in the county. Hardly a mile and a half further we come to *Penshurst*, full of associations connected with valour and poetry. Here the brave Sir Philip Sidney resided and wrote his *Arcadia*, and here Ben Jonson, Waller, Shelley, and others have immortalized in verse its sylvan glories. Penshurst Castle is now the seat of Lord De Lisle and Dudley, who has contributed some valuable paintings to the picture gallery, previously rich in the works of the old masters. It is of a quadrangular form, including a spacious court, chapel, and hall, and by the courtesy of the present proprietor the public are admitted to view the interior, under certain necessary restrictions. The Sidney family have held it in possession since the reign of Edward VI. Nothing can be finer than the spacious Park, which was once acknowledged to be the most beautiful in the kingdom, and there is a famous oak yet standing, which tradition identifies as the one planted at the birth of Sir Philip Sidney. We can return by railway hence either from the station near the village or go on to

Tunbridge Wells, about six miles distant. The Tunbridge station on the South-Eastern Railway is also within an hour's walk.

By way of varying the route home we would suggest taking the coach road back through *Sevenoaks*, situated on the ridge of that great chain of sand hills which runs across the county, and divides the upland from the weald, and in the midst of a richly diversified country. Near the town is Knole House and Park, the seat of the late Dukes of Dorset, and now in the occupation of Earl Amherst. The park consists of nearly 1,000 acres, and the mansion is reputed the most magnificent seat in the south of England. The public enjoy the privilege of admission both to the house and grounds, and the picture gallery in the former is of unrivalled value, comprising the best specimens of the works of Holbein, Titian, Correggio, Vandyke, Lely, Poussin, Teniers, Rembrandt, Salvator Rosa, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. At *River Head*, a little village a mile and a half distant, is Montreal, the seat of Lord Holmesdale, and at *Chevening*, four miles from Sevenoaks, is the seat of Earl Stanhope, whose noble mansion and park are at all times open to the public. The maze formed in the grounds here is even larger than that at Hampton Court. We next pass by *Knockholt* and its high hill, whereupon some old trees, called "Knockholt beeches," have such a lofty station that they can be seen from nearly every direction for forty miles round, and are equally discernible from Leith Hill, Harrow, and Gravesend. Through *Halstead*, *Farnborough*, and *Keston*, we come to *Bromley*, the whole distance exhibiting a continued succession of landscapes, and having traces of old Roman encampments in the districts surrounding. Bromley is fourteen miles from Sevenoaks and ten from London. A plain brick building, rebuilt in 1777, on a hill towards Beckenham, is still a palace of the Bishops of Rochester. There is a chalybeate spring in the garden, known as the "well of St. Blaize." Two miles from Bromley is *Beckenham*, a little village where there is a specimen of the "Lich Gate,"

on which funeral processions were wont to deposit their burden and rest on their way to interment. In the parish church of Beckenham was buried (October 24th, 1740) Margaret Finch, the "Queen of the Gipsies," who attained the great age of 109 years. After travelling for a century over various parts of the country she eventually settled at Norwood, where her age and the fame of her fortune-telling attracted numerous visitors, and not a few of rank and title. From a habit of sitting on the ground, with her chin resting on her knees, she became so contracted that the posture became permanent, and when she died they enclosed her body in a deep square box. Her portrait formerly adorned a house of entertainment at Norwood called "The Gipsy House."

We can hence cross over to Sydenham and take the Croydon Railway, or return by road, through Lewisham and Camberwell, back to the metropolis.

PART IV.

E S S E X.

EXCURSION I.

THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY (CAMBRIDGE BRANCH)—STRATFORD—BOW BRIDGE—LOW LAYTON—EAST HAM—WALTHAMSTOW—PONDER'S END—CHINGFORD—CHIGWELL—EPPING FOREST—WALTHAM ABBEY—TOMB OF HAROLD—CRYPT—CURIOUS TULIP TREE—BROXBOURNE—ANGLING LOCALITIES—THE RYE HOUSE—THE "MEAL-TUB" PLOT—BURNT MILL—HARLOW—SAWBRIDGEWORTH—CAMBRIDGE.

THE "Eastern Counties Railway" furnishes a speedy mode of cultivating acquaintance with Epping Forest and the fertile fishing district of the Lea, and Ponder's End, Waltham, and Broxbourne are especially good points for starting on a pleasure trip from the station. We shall for the first excursion take the *Cambridge Branch*, and give the visitor an opportunity of taking his ticket for either of the places we have indicated above.

Leaving the commodious station at Shoreditch and crossing on a long viaduct the miserable region tenanted by the Spitalfield weavers, we have on our left Bethnal Green and Bonner's Fields, the scene of the late Chartist disturbances. A fine open space has been cleared away here within the last few years for the establishment of the new "Victoria Park," where the hard-working artisans of the eastern suburbs may escape from the moil and turmoil of the human hive to the pleasanter pathways amid trees and flowers. Passing Bow Church and the Tower Hamlets Cemetery on the right, and

the Reservoir of the East London Waterworks on the left, we reach *Stratford*, a busy station on the line, whence branches diverge to Ipswich on the north, and the Thames Terminus opposite Woolwich, on the east. Being the principal depot for the locomotive and carriage department, many of the artificers employed about the railway reside here, and a number of houses, distinguished collectively as "*Hudson New Town*," has been erected for their accommodation. The mention made by Chaucer of the manner in which one of his heroines spoke French "after the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe," not only marks its antiquity, but shows its early reputation as a place for seminaries. The bridge over the Lea at Bow was built by Matilda, Queen of Henry I., and was the oldest stone bridge in England. It was pulled down in 1830, and a new stone bridge of substantial appearance substituted. This bridge unites Middlesex and Essex. Bow Church, with its ivy covering, is as old as the reign of Henry II., and exhibits some portions of Norman architecture, well displayed by its position in the middle of the road. The new church of St. John, at Stratford, is an elegant structure, built in 1836, and is situated at the junction of the Newmarket and Colchester roads. Some remains of an abbey, founded for Cistercian monks in 1135, were lately existing here. The line now crosses some extensive marshes watered by the Lea, from which river *Low Layton* and Laytonstone derive their appellation. In the last century some valuable Roman remains were here found, during an excavation, and a curious subterranean arched gateway discovered. The church contains a tomb to the memory of John Strype, the antiquary, who was buried here at the ripe old age of 94, in 1737, after having been the vicar here for nearly 70 years. Monuments are also seen to the Earl of Norwich, William Bowyer, an eminent printer, and others of some note. At *Ruckholts* are the vestiges of some ancient entrenchments, and the Temple Mills, now used as Lead Works, were formerly in possession of the Knights Templars. In the ancient church of *East Ham* is

buried another renowned antiquary, Dr. Stukely, without any inscription, according to his request; there is only the date of his death (1765). The parish extends from Wanstead flats to the Thames.

Walthamstow is a mile west of the *Tottenham Station*, and dates back to the time of Edward the Confessor. The church has a fine square tower, built in 1535, and contains some good monuments. Here was born George Gascoigne, one of our earliest poets. From *Ponder's End* we would suggest a stroll on to *Chingford*, two miles from the station, and thence explore onward to the west. Chingford Church, a small antique building nearly covered with ivy, has a delightful situation on a gentle grassy eminence overlooking the Lea on one side, and the wooded undulations of Epping Forest on the other. We would especially recommend in fine weather a walk leading on to *Chigwell* and Chigwell Row, where the famous hostel of the "Maypole," mentioned in "*Barnaby Rudge*," is yet standing, though much altered of late. The glades and sylvan avenues around Highbeach, Sewardstone, and Upshire, are very beautiful, and capital places for a picnic. We can then, to rejoin the railway, go round by *Waltham Abbey*, Canute's favorite hunting station, and which, though now a small town, formerly was honored with the residence of Henry III. Here are some Government Powder Mills on a large scale, and near the Abbey Mills, on a wide space of ground called the "Bramblings," Henry VIII. had a small pleasure-house that he used as an occasional residence, and here he first met Cranmer, a meeting that afterwards led to such important results. The branches of the Lea about Waltham are said to flow in the channels originally made by Alfred the Great, when he left the Danish fleet dry on the shore by altering the course of the river. The remains of the once famous monastery, from which the town takes its name, are at the back of the parish church, a portion of which was the old conventual chapel. They consist of an entrance gateway and bridge across an arm of the Lea, some vaulted

arches, and a few broken walls. Judging from its size, the church must have been a magnificent specimen of Saxon architecture. Previous to the battle of Hastings, Harold here offered up his vows, and, after the fatal termination of the conflict, it was here that he was brought for interment with his two brothers, Garth and Leofwin, by their unhappy mother Githa, who with difficulty obtained even the dead bodies of her sons from the hands of the conquering Norman. The site of Harold's tomb, which stood in a chapel beyond the east end of the choir, is no less than 120 feet distant from the termination of the present edifice. The nave, with its side aisles, forms the body of the parish church, and is in the Norman style, with round massive piers, decorated formerly with costly brass embellishments. It is about 90 feet in length, and 48 in breadth. A lofty square embattled tower, 86 feet high, was erected at the west end of the church in 1558. The "Chapel of our Ladye," now used as a vestry and school-room, projects from the southern side of the church, and has beneath it a fine arched crypt, which, says Fuller, who was the incumbent here from 1648 to 1658, is "the fairest I ever saw." At the south east end is another chapel, now a mere receptacle for rubbish. A wooden screen bearing the arms of Philip and Mary is worthy notice, as well as a font of great antiquity. The glass painting of Harold, which was formerly near the screen, was destroyed wantonly by the Puritans in their display of animosity to all that savoured of kingly power. Eastward of the church stood the Refectory, and the Abbey Farm occupies the site of the ancient stables. Farmer quaintly remarks that the church "is observed by all artists, and the most curious, to stand the exactest east and west of any other in Great Britain." No slight praise for an architect who worked before the time of the "Mariner's Compass." In the Abbey gardens is a tulip tree, esteemed the largest in England, and said to measure nine feet six inches in circumference.

Broxbourne, to which allusion has been made in our fourth Middlesex Excursion, is the next station of importance, and

the silvery track of the Lea may hence be pleasantly followed with rod and line for miles. The whole of this region is thoroughly identified with Izaak Walton and the "Complete Angler." Modern Piscators, too, are constantly seen plying their gentle vocation on the borders of the Lea and Stort, whose

"—— plenteous streams a various race supply ;
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye ;
The silver eel in shining volumes roll'd ;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropped with gold ;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes the tyrants of the watery plains."

There are several pretty wayside hostels, too, about the banks, that provide good accommodation for fishing parties, and at these perchance a satisfactory modern substitute may be found for that delectable potation spoken of by the epicurean Izaak, and which he describes as, composed of "sack, milk, oranges, and sugar, which all put together made a drink like nectar; indeed, too good for any but us anglers."

About a mile and a half from Broxbourne, and 21 miles from London, is the *Rye House*, situated on the Lea, near where it joins the Stort, and close to the old market town of Hoddesdon, previously described. A well-appointed tavern, that has borrowed its name from the mansion, lies on the side of the road to Stanstead Abbots and Harlow. The old mansion itself lies to the north of the tavern, at a short distance from the east bank of the river. Few need be reminded that here assembled the conspirators who intended, it is said, to have murdered Charles II. and his brother James, Duke of York (afterwards James II.), on their road home from Newmarket. The house, which formerly occupied considerable space, was built by one Andrew Ogard, in the reign of Henry VI., and being surrounded by a moat, was, from its insular position, called "the Isle of Rye." At the period (1683) when this "meal-tub plot" was alleged to be in process of concoction, the house was tenanted by a maltster named Rumbald. The return of the monarch being at a much earlier period than

was expected, is said to have frustrated the conspirators, but there is every reason to believe that the whole affair existed only in the heated imagination of the witnesses. So implicitly, however, was it believed at the time, that those noble-minded patriots Russell and Sydney were tried and executed, on account of their supposed connection with an absurd plot which the whole evidence brought forward tended to disprove. The maltster, Rumbald, escaped at the time, but when, some years after, he was attending the Duke of Argyle, on his landing in Scotland, he was taken captive, and suffered the most horrible death that can be conceived. Although much wounded at the time when he was captured, a contemporary writer says, that "he was hoisted up by a pulley and hanged awhile; he was then let down, scarce fully dead, his heart plucked out and carried on the point of a bayonet by the hangman." He died, however, resolutely denying the truth of the "Rye House" plot. The only part of the mansion which now remains is an embattled gate house, built of brick and ornamented with a handsome stone Gothic doorway. The moat is quite filled up. The few chimneys left standing are very curiously constructed, and at one of the angles is a turret, to which an ancient winding staircase leads up from the interior. Until lately it was a workhouse for the poor of Stanstead Abbots, in which parish it is situated.

Burnt Mill, Harlow, and Sawbridgeworth furnish agreeable pastoral scenery to the pedestrian, but the country round is of too flat and level a character to exhibit such prospects as we are continually encountering on the roads through Surrey and Kent. The railway passenger who can proceed onward to *Cambridge* and see the Colleges will not, however, regret his prolongation of the tour, though a description of this famous university town, so charmingly situated on the banks of the "classic Cam," is manifestly beyond our restricted limits.

EXCURSION II.

BY RAILWAY TO CHELMSFORD (COLCHESTER BRANCH)—STRATFORD—WEST HAM—ILFORD STATION—WANSTEAD—WANSTEAD HOUSE—BARKING—CHADWELL STREET WARD — ROMFORD — HAVERING-ATTE-BOWER — CURIOUS LEGEND — BRENTWOOD — INGRAVE — THORNDON HALL — INGATESTONE — BUTTSBURY AND STOCK — CHELMSFORD—GREAT WALTHAM—DUNMOW—FLITCH OF BACON—RETURN BY BISHOP'S STORTFORD TO TOWN.

A railway excursion to Chelmsford is hardly so prolific in interesting localities as some we have described, but as many who have exhausted other routes may like to try the "fresh fields and pastures new" presented by this, we shall briefly glance at the notabilities that lie within the compass of the line. The Colchester and Ipswich branch of the "Eastern Counties" diverges to the north-east just below Stratford, and the first place to which the attention of the passenger may be called is *West Ham*, where a brick gateway and a small arch form the remains of the ancient abbey that once stood within the parish. The church is large but destitute of architectural beauty. Nearly two miles from the *Ilford* station is *Wanstead*, where once stood the magnificent mansion of Wanstead House, demolished in a most thoughtless and barbarous manner by Viscount Wellesley, who married the wealthy heiress of the Longs' and Tilneys'. The mansion was built, in 1715, by Sir Richard Child, and the park was honored at various times by festivities in celebration of the visits of Queen Elizabeth and James I. Here also resided the Bourbon Princes in their exile. The "Infant Orphan Asylum," at Snaresbrook, was opened in June, 1843, for 500 orphans, and is a handsome structure, well adapted for the benevolent

object to which it is devoted. The old town of *Barking* lies to the south of the station about the same distance, and occupies an advantageous position on the east side of the river Roding. Numerous fishing vessels for the supply of Billingsgate keep up a lively traffic in the place. At *Chadwell Street Ward*, intersected by the line, there was, in 1659, an odd memorial erected to the late Protector, Oliver Cromwell, in the form of a whalebone arch, taken from a whale caught in Barking Reach. Eastbury House, one mile from Barking, is an ancient mansion, reported to have been a meeting-house for the conspirators whilst engaged in arranging the details of the Gunpowder Plot.

Romford, six miles from Ilford, is an important and somewhat venerable town, having a famous corn and cattle market, held every Wednesday, according to a charter granted in 1247. There are several elegant seats in the neighbourhood, but no public buildings requiring mention. A stroll of three miles north of the station to *Havering-atte-Bower*—the very name of which carries a pleasant intimation of its Saxon origin and woody environs—will be found worthy the pains of the pedestrian. One of our old monarchs, Edward the Confessor, had a palace here, and an old legend, in attributing to him the present appellation of the parish, gives the following explanation of an inscription recorded on his shrine in Westminster Abbey. From this it would seem that in that vague and uncertain period known to chroniclers of fairy tales as “once-upon-a-time,” an aged pilgrim met the monarch, as he was leaving his palace, and solicited alms. The king, having no money about him, promised to remember him next time, but the pilgrim would not be refused, and, after some further importunities, he presented the mendicant with a ring, in default of the more convertible coin he had been requested to bestow. Some years after this same pilgrim was met in Judea by a party of English palmers traversing the same land, in the hope of thereby winning a pardon for some offences committed in their native country. They

recognised the pilgrim, as *Ophelia* would have done, "by his cockle hat and staff, and by his sandal shoon," and he gave unto them a ring, with instructions to bear it unto Edward the Confessor, and announce to him that six months after he should die. The prediction was, of course, verified, and from that time the village of Clavering became by a punning verbal transition "*Have-a-ring*." Being what is called "a liberty," confirmed by Edward I. and other monarchs, the county magistrates have no jurisdiction within its limits, and the tenants claim exemption from toll throughout the kingdom. It is a pleasant village on the borders of Hainault Forest, which, with Epping Forest, is reputed to comprise upwards of 80,000 acres, many of which have latterly been placed under cultivation.

Brentwood, a corruption of Burnt Wood, the forest in which it stood being consumed centuries ago by fire, is a thriving town, much increased in importance since it has been a railway station. The surrounding country assumes a more undulating character, and the neighbourhood, especially towards Billericay, becomes even picturesque. In the High Street will be seen the old prison and Assize Hall, which has recently undergone extensive repairs. The ancient chapel was dedicated to Saint Thomas à Becket, in 1227. Notwithstanding modern innovations, several buildings still remaining have an antiquity of four centuries. Lord Petre, who resides at Thorndon Hall, close by, has erected here a new Roman Catholic Chapel, which is, unquestionably, a fine ornament to the place. This nobleman's seat is at *Ingrave*, about two miles to the south, and has around it a fine park, with a noble avenue of trees leading to the principal entrance. In the time of Henry VII. it belonged to the Fitz-Lewis family, the last representative of which was here burned to death, with his bride, on their wedding night.

Ingatestone, five miles further, has no feature except the old Hall, and its fishponds, to distinguish it from an ordinary market town. This mansion, which is irregularly built, was

formerly the seat of the Petres, to whom are some interesting monuments in the old church. About three miles to the south are two little parishes called *Buttsbury* and *Stock*, forming one village between them. Buttsbury Church is quite a curiosity in its way, measuring only three feet by twenty, and having a square tower of flint and stone, that makes the whole edifice look in the distance like a Lowther Arcade toy. The bricks made about here, called "Stock bricks," are famous all through the country.

Chelmsford, 29 miles from London, was an old Roman station on the river Chelmer, to which it owes its name, and has a neat and bustling appearance, as the capital of the county. The County Hall, built of Portland stone, with four handsome Ionic columns, has a majestic aspect from the High Street, and here the sessions and assizes are held. A Museum, Mechanics' Institution, Assembly Rooms, and a handsome church, are all ornaments to the town.

An agreeable circuit can be made from Chelmsford through Great Waltham to *Dunmow*, a distance of about six miles. *Great Dunmow* is just the quiet old-fashioned town that a recollection of the ancient custom held within its limits would prepare us to expect. The hill on which it stands overlooks the river Chelmer and the finest tract of meadow land in the county. The celebrated Flitch of Bacon was a custom which originated in the reign of Henry III. with Robert Fitzwalter, who, with the monks of Dunmow Priory, made a grant that "he who repenteth not of his marriage, sleeping or waking, might lawfully fetch a flitch of bacon." The last application for the flitch was made in 1751, since which time the Candle Lectures have probably interfered with a repetition of the claim. In 1837 it was revived, with some variation of the original tenure, and now the bacon is annually presented "to the married couple—labourer in husbandry and his wife—who shall have brought up the greatest part of their children, and placed them in respectable service, without any or the least parochial relief."

It is eight miles from Dunmow to the *Bishop's Stortford Station*, on the Cambridge line, and thus the excursionist can pleasantly vary his return route to town.

Before parting company with the reader, we would fain once more impress upon him the advantages of reducing the hints for excursions given in the foregoing pages to the pleasant proofs of practical experience. We firmly believe that nothing can give a more vigorous spur to the flagged and jaded intellect—nothing can administer a more genuine and invigorative impulse to our thoughts and fancies, than the occasional flight from the busy scenes of commerce to the green recesses of our surrounding woodlands, where we may exchange the dizzy hum of traffic for peaceful meditation in those sylvan solitudes that are to be found amid the haunts of nature. Quick trains and cheap fares have done wonders in bringing the hearts of luckless Londoners into communion with the charms of the country, and what we have endeavoured to show is, that if the long purses and long journeys commensurate therewith are not within the power of the million to attain, we have yet a hundred delightful resorts within the compass of a few shillings and a few hours. If we cannot accomplish a trip to the Continent, we can manage a jaunt to Leith Hill; if we fail to reach the lakes, or find the Highlands beyond our reach, we can yet agreeably content ourselves with an afternoon in Richmond Park or a day in Windsor Forest.

INDEX AND TABLE OF DISTANCES

FOR THE

EXCURSIONIST ROUND LONDON.

Distance from London	Names of Places.	Nearest Railway Station, & distance therefrom.	Population, from the last Census.	Reference to Description.
		miles.		Page.
22	Abbot's Langley, <i>Herts</i>	Watford	5	2,115 54
5 $\frac{1}{2}$	Acton, <i>Middlesex</i>	Ealing	1	2,665 26
13	Addington, <i>Surrey</i>	Croydon	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	580 81
25	Amwell, <i>Herts</i>	Hertford	3	1,545 40
13	Banstead, <i>Surrey</i>	Epsom	3	1,168 81
8	Barking, <i>Essex</i>	Ilford	2	4,731 133
5 $\frac{1}{2}$	Barnes, <i>Surrey</i>	Barnes		1,466 58
3	Battersea, <i>Surrey</i>	Clapham Common ..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	6,617 57
8	Beckenham, <i>Kent</i>	Sydenham	2	1,608 126
12	Beddington, <i>Surrey</i>	Carshalton	1	519 80
26	Berkhampstead, <i>Herts</i>	Berkhampstead		1,244 51
23	Billericay, <i>Essex</i>	Brentwood	5	1,284 136
29	Bishop's Stortford, <i>Herts</i> ..	Bishop's Stortford ..		4,681 137
5 $\frac{1}{2}$	Blackheath, <i>Kent</i>	Greenwich	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	— 97
2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bow, <i>Middlesex</i>	Stratford		4,626 127
7	Brentford, <i>Middlesex</i>	Ealing	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	7,232 31
17 $\frac{1}{2}$	Brentwood, <i>Essex</i>	Brentwood ..		2,362 135
4	Brixton, <i>Surrey</i>	Omnibus Route		10,175 77
31	Brompton, <i>Kent</i>	See Chatham		— 118
4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Brook Green, <i>Middlesex</i>	Omnibus Route		5,000 27
16	Broxbourne, <i>Herts</i>	Broxbourne		2,386 39,129
21	Buttsbury, <i>Essex</i>	Ingatstone	3	521 136
22	Byfleet, <i>Surrey</i>	Weybridge	2	672 70
10	Carshalton, <i>Surrey</i>	Carshalton		2,228 81
24	Chalk, <i>Kent</i>	Gravesend	2	420 115
7	Charlton, <i>Kent</i>	Greenwich	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	2,250 100
30	Chatham, <i>Kent</i>	Rochester	1	22,375 119
13	Cheam, <i>Surrey</i>	Cheam		1,109 85
29	Chelmsford, <i>Essex</i>	Chelmsford		6,789 136
21	Chertsey, <i>Surrey</i>	Chertsey		5,347 71
22	Chevening, <i>Kent</i>	Tonbridge	10	1,003 125
16	Cheshunt, <i>Herts</i>	Cheshunt		5,402 38
31	Chiddingstone, <i>Kent</i>	Edenbridge	4	1,405 124
10 $\frac{1}{2}$	Chigwell, <i>Essex</i>	Ponder's End	4	2,059 129
9 $\frac{1}{2}$	Chingford, <i>Essex</i>	Ponder's End	2	971 129
10 $\frac{1}{2}$	Chislehurst, <i>Kent</i>	Sydenham	7	1,792 125
5	Chiswick, <i>Middlesex</i>	Omnibus or Steamboat		5,881 30
26	Cobham, <i>Surrey</i> ..	Woking	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,989 70
4	Clapham, <i>Surrey</i>	Clapham Common ..	2	12,106 77
2	Clapton, <i>Middlesex</i>	Omnibus Route		2,943 35

Distance from London	Names of Places.	Nearest Railway Station, & distance therefrom.	Population, from the last Census.	Reference to Description.
		miles.		Page.
26	Cobham, <i>Kent</i>	Gravesend	5 376	108
10	Croydon, <i>Surrey</i>	Croydon	10,000	78
15	Dagenham, <i>Essex</i>	Romford	3 2,294	103
15	Dartford, <i>Kent</i>	Greenwich	9 5,619	105
4	Deptford, <i>Kent</i>	Deptford	25,617	95
24	Dorking, <i>Surrey</i>	Reigate	7½ 5,638	83
4	Dulwich, <i>Surrey</i>	Forest Hill	2 1,716	75
35	Dunmow, <i>Essex</i>	Bishop's Stortford ..	8 2,792	136
7	Ealing, <i>Middlesex</i>	Ealing	1 8,407	26
6½	East Sheen, <i>Surrey</i>	Mortlake	1 —	59
26	East Tilbury, <i>Essex</i>	Romford	13 311	107
32	Edenbridge, <i>Kent</i>	Edenbridge	1 2,029	121
7	Edmonton, <i>Middlesex</i>	Edmonton	1 5,117	37
18	Egham, <i>Surrey</i>	Chertsey	4 4,448	49
8	Eltham, <i>Kent</i>	Greenwich	3 2,310	99
9	Enfield, <i>Middlesex</i>	Ponder's End	2 9,367	37
17	Epping, <i>Essex</i>	Broxbourne	7 1,943	129
15	Epsom, <i>Surrey</i>	Epsom	3,533	85
14	Erith, <i>Kent</i>	Route by Steamboat	2,082	103
15	Esher, <i>Surrey</i>	Claremont and Esher	1 1,261	67
14	Ewell, <i>Surrey</i>	Ewell	1,867	85
15	Farnborough, <i>Kent</i>	Sydenham	8 680	125
39	Farnham, <i>Surrey</i>	Farnborough	6 6,615	88
6	Finchley, <i>Middlesex</i>	Coach Route	3,224	16
3	Ford (Old), <i>Middlesex</i>	Mile End	—	127
4	Fulham, <i>Middlesex</i>	Omnibus Route	9,319	30
33	Godalming, <i>Surrey</i>	Guildford	4 4,328	88
22	Gravesend, <i>Kent</i>	Steamboat Route	15,680	107
8	Greenford, <i>Middlesex</i>	Hanwell	2 588	25
19	Greenhithe, <i>Kent</i>	Steamboat Route	1,847	105
5	Greenwich, <i>Kent</i>	Greenwich	29,755	95
30	Guildford, <i>Surrey</i>	Guildford	6,128	87
6	Ham, <i>Essex</i>	Lea Bridge	1 25,000	128
3½	Hammersmith, <i>Middlesex</i> ..	Omnibus Route	13,453	27
4	Hampstead, <i>Middlesex</i>	Omnibus Route	10,093	10
12	Hampton Court, <i>Middlesex</i> ..	Hampton	4,711	63
7½	Hanwell, <i>Middlesex</i>	Hanwell	2,474	25
9½	Harrow, <i>Middlesex</i>	Harrow	2,796	21
20	Hatfield, <i>Herts</i>	Hertford	7 3,646	41
15	Havering, <i>Essex</i>	Romford	3 427	135
23½	Hemel Hempstead, <i>Herts</i> ..	Hemel Hempstead ..	2 5,901	54
21	Hertford, <i>Herts</i>	Hertford	5,868	40
34	Hever, <i>Kent</i>	Edenbridge	2 582	121
12	High Beach, <i>Essex</i>	Waltham Abbey ..	690	129
5½	Highgate, <i>Middlesex</i>	Omnibus Route	4,302	17
17	Hoddesdon, <i>Herts</i>	Broxbourne	2½ 1,743	39
2	Holloway, <i>Middlesex</i>	Omnibus Route	5,937	20
10	Hounslow, <i>Middlesex</i>	Southall	3 3,063	32
23	Ingatestone, <i>Essex</i>	Ingatestone	856	135
20	Ingrave, <i>Essex</i>	Brentwood	2½ 530	135
8	Isleworth, <i>Middlesex</i>	Richmond	2 4,903	32
1	Islington, <i>Middlesex</i>	Omnibus Route	55,690	20

Distance from London	Names of Places.	Nearest Railway Station, & distance therefrom.	Population, from the last Census.	Reference to Description.
		miles.		Page.
12	Kingston, <i>Surrey</i>	Kingston	8,147	65
25	Knockholt, <i>Kent</i>	Coach Ronte	531	125
5½	Laytonstone, <i>Essex</i> ..	Lea Bridge	3,274	128
19	Leatherhead, <i>Surrey</i>	Epsom	1,740	84
6	Lee, <i>Kent</i>	Greenwich	2,360	97
29	Leith Hill, <i>Surrey</i>	Reigate	10	84
6½	Lewisham, <i>Kent</i>	Greenwich	1	97
14	Long Ditton, <i>Surrey</i>	Esher	1	67
19	Merstham, <i>Surrey</i>	Merstham	1,130	82
7	Merton, <i>Surrey</i>	Wimbledon	1	67
23	Milton, <i>Kent</i>	Gravesend	1	115
24	Mims, <i>Herts</i>	Hertford	7	51
6½	Mortlake, <i>Surrey</i>	Mortlake	2,778	59
20	Northfleet, <i>Kent</i>	Gravesend	2	106
6	Norwood <i>Surrey</i>	Sydenham	½	76
3	Nunhead, <i>Surrey</i>	Omnibus Route	—	74
21	Ongar, <i>Essex</i>	Brentwood	8	137
3	Peckham, <i>Surrey</i>	Omnibus Route	—	74
37	Penshurst, <i>Kent</i>	Penshurst	2	124
10	Petersham, <i>Surrey</i>	Richmond	1	62
12½	Pinner, <i>Middlesex</i>	Pinner	1,285	25
16	Purfleet, <i>Essex</i>	Romford	9	104
4½	Putney, <i>Surrey</i>	Putney	4,684	58
21	Reigate, <i>Surrey</i>	Reigate	1½	82
10	Richmond, <i>Surrey</i>	Richmond	7,760	59
18	Rickmansworth, <i>Herts</i>	Watford	3	55
23	Riverhead, <i>Kent</i>	Penshurst	7½	125
29	Rochester, <i>Kent</i>	Gravesend	8	116
12	Romford, <i>Essex</i>	Romford	5,317	134
21	Saint Alban's, <i>Herts</i>	Watford	7	52
23	Seven Oaks, <i>Kent</i>	Penshurst	6	125
8	Shooter's Hill, <i>Kent</i>	Greenwich	3	98
17	Staines, <i>Middlesex</i>	Staines	2,487	72
22	Stock, <i>Essex</i>	Ingatstone	3	136
3	Stockwell, <i>Surrey</i>	Omnibus Route	—	77
4	Stratford, <i>Essex</i>	Stratford	25,000	127
7	Streatham, <i>Surrey</i>	Omnibus Route	5,994	77
7	Sydenham, <i>Kent</i>	Sydenham	2,915	75
7	Tooting, <i>Surrey</i>	Omnibus Route	2,840	86
7½	Tottenham, <i>Middlesex</i>	Tottenham	8,584	37
10	Twickenham, <i>Middlesex</i>	Richmond	1 m.	62
15	Uxbridge, <i>Middlesex</i>	West Drayton	3	33
12	Waltham Abbey, <i>Essex</i>	Edmonton	1	129
12	Waltham Cross, <i>Herts</i>	Waltham	—	37
5	Wandsworth, <i>Surrey</i>	Wandsworth	7,614	57
19	Weybridge, <i>Surrey</i>	Weybridge	1,062	69
22½	Windsor, <i>Berks</i>	Slough	2½	44
6	Wimbledon, <i>Surrey</i>	Wimbledon	2,630	58
24	Woking, <i>Surrey</i>	Woking	1	70
8	Woodford, <i>Essex</i>	Lea Bridge	4	134
16	Woodmansterne, <i>Surrey</i> ..	Croydon	5	81
9	Woolwich, <i>Kent</i>	Greenwich	3	100

CHARGES AT INNS.

THE charges at inns are very uncertain, and are by no means proportioned to the excellence of the accommodation. It may be as well to give the traveller a scale of the usual charges made at some of the best inns in the country, and he should not on any account pay more, unless he has had unusual accommodation:

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Breakfast - - - - -	1	6	to 1	9
Dinner - - - - -			2	0
Half-a-pint of Wine - - - - -			1	3
Tea - - - - -			1	6
Bed - - - - -			1	6
—7s.9d.or8s				

Fee to the waiter, 3d. for each meal; chambermaid, 6d.; "boots," for cleaning boots and shoes, 2d. If more charges are made than the above, the traveller should deduct the overcharge, and then put down the fees he gives to the servants, thus:

Breakfast - - - - -			2	0
Dinner - - - - -			3	0
Tea - - - - -			2	0
Fire, bed, and lights - - - - -			3	0
Wine - - - - -			1	6
			—11	6

Such charges as these have been often attempted at some of the worst inns near London.

Underneath this bill the traveller should write—

Overcharge Dinner - - - - -			1	0
„ Breakfast - - - - -			0	3
„ Tea - - - - -			0	6
„ Wine - - - - -			0	3
„ Bed, etc. - - - - -			1	6
			—3	0

Then write—

Waiter - - - - -			0	6
Chambermaid - - - - -			0	6
Boots - - - - -			0	2
			—1	2
Total - - - - -			9	8

DAY'S EXCURSIONS AROUND THE METROPOLIS.

The following hints make no pretence of exhausting all the interesting features of scenery or antiquities near London, which is surrounded by beauties little dreamt of by those who do not take the trouble of becoming acquainted with them. Probably many things are passed by, equally worthy of a visit, still those which are noted, will, I am certain, in nowise disappoint any one:—

EASTWARD.—To Greenwich, by river steamer or railway—see the College, built by Sir C. Wren—walk through the Park—over Blackheath—through Lee to Eltham—see the ruins of the old Palace, now a barn—thence by Shooter's Hill to Woolwich, a walk of about ten miles—return by river steamer.

Greenwich.—1. Those who want a couple of hours' fresh air cannot do better than go to Greenwich, and stroll about the hillocks and dales of the Park.

2. With an hour's more time the circuit of Blackheath may be taken.

3. Go across the Park and out at the West Gate, and then up the lane opposite the gate, and through pleasant footpaths to the pretty village of Charlton, and return the same way, or by the Blackheath Road, and through the Park by the Blackheath Gate.

4. Go to Charlton as in No. 3, and keep on to Woolwich Common—go up to Shooter's Hill, and return to Greenwich by the Blackheath Road.

5. Go to Charlton as at No. 3, cross to Woolwich Lower Road, and if possible see the Charlton Sand-pits, in which many strata are seen at once, and proceed by the low road either to the steamer at Woolwich, or back by the low road to Greenwich.

To Woolwich by steamer—then cross the Common and go over Shooter's Hill towards Gravesend—then take the second or third turning to the left and get back to Woolwich.

From Gravesend steamer—land at Erith, the country being pretty behind the village and church—return by steamer, or walk through Plumstead to Woolwich.

From Gravesend steamer—land at Purfleet, and see the chalk-pits and public gardens, etc.

From Gravesend by steamer—go up Windmill Hill, and to the Rosherville Gardens.

To Gravesend by steamer—walk or ride to Rochester, seven miles—see Castle, which was built by Bishop Gundulph, in William Rufus' reign: the tower is a very fine ancient military ruin—Cathedral, whose western front is one of the most interesting remains of Romanesque or Anglo-Norman Architecture in our country; the crypt here is very remarkable for its extent—back to Gravesend.

To Gravesend—ride to Rochester and walk to Maidstone—

see the Old Cromlech, Kit's Cotty House, which is midway between Maidstone and Rochester, and back, about 16 miles.

To Gravesend—walk to Cobham, about five miles—see Cobham Hall, an extensive but not very decorated Elizabethan house, with many pictures; it is open on Fridays only, Eleven till Four, by tickets purchaseable at Caddell's Library, Gravesend, 2s. each—see Cobham church, with its fine old architectural tombs, and return the same way.

SOUTH-EASTWARD.—A visit in the summer to Sevenoaks and its neighbourhood has many attractions. Situate between two ridges of the chalk hills, and abundantly decorated with fine trees, the scenery is extremely beautiful and luxuriant on all sides. Knowle Park is celebrated for its beech trees; and the house is one of the most interesting and earliest existing specimens of Domestic architecture. Many of the rooms remain nearly in their original state; and the collection of paintings, chiefly historical portraits, is very extensive. The grounds are open to all; and the house is liberally shewn at all times, even on Sundays. There is so much to be seen and enjoyed at Sevenoaks, that it will be best to get there in the quickest way possible, which is by carriage of some kind.

To Sydenham, by Croydon Railway—walk to Bromley, over Hayes Common, across to Chislehurst, and back through Bromley to Sydenham, a delightful walk of about 15 miles, especially towards the latter end of the spring.

To Croydon by Railway, over Croomhurst Hill, which abounds with lilies of the valley—to West Wickham and Addington—to Keston, over Hayes Common—see the Roman Encampment—to Bromley—to Sydenham, a walk of about 15 miles, and return by Railway.

SOUTH.—To Red Hill, by Brighton Railway—walk through Reigate to Dorking, over Box Hill, in June, when almost the whole tribe of orchideæ may be found in blossom there—through Mickleham, Leatherhead, to Ditton Railway Station, about 20 miles, return to Town by South Western Railway.

Ride to Croydon by Brighton Railway—walk through Carshalton, over Banstead Downs, by Walton-on-the-Hill to Gatton—back from Merstham by Croydon Railway, about 16 miles.

Ride to Sydenham by Croydon Railway—walk by the Beulah Spa, through Norwood, Tooting to Wimbledon, about nine miles—to Town by South Western Railway.

SOUTH-WEST.—Ride to Ditton Marsh by South Western Railway—walk through Esher—see Wolsey's Well, and the Ruins of the Water-Gate House of Wolsey's Palace on the Mole—to St. George's Hill, the highest of the Surrey Hills, near the Thames—to Weybridge Station—total distance, about seven miles—return by railway. Another walk: by Esher to Pain's Hill, near Cobham—to the Ruins of Newark Abbey, near Pinford—by banks of Basingstoke Canal to Weybridge Station—about 15 miles.

Ride to Woking by South Western Railway, and by coach to Guildford—walk on the ridge of hills to Dorking and to Reigate, with magnificent prospects over miles of cultivation at every step—total distance about 20 miles—return from Red Hill station on Brighton Railway.

Ride to Ditton Marsh, walk to Ditton Ferry, and cross the River, pursue the Towing-path up the Thames (crossing Hampton Bridge), to Weybridge: or instead, walk by the picturesque banks of the Mole, to Moulsey, and follow the Towing-path to Weybridge. Pass by the Railway Station, and over St. George's Hill into the Walton Road. Return by South Western Railway from Walton Station. The Marshy ground on the east side of Walton Bridge, is called "Cowe Stakes." Here tradition relates that Julius Cæsar crossed the Thames. Here the eye which is keen after the picturesque, will find much that is gratifying in several views of the three bridges; and Mr. Barry's elegant campanile to Lord Tankerville's Villa, will not be unnoticed. If the present Lessee of Oatland Park (Lord F. Egerton), had not forbidden its use as a thoroughfare, the walk might be varied, through the varieties of its fine foliage.

Let those who do not grudge the expense take the earliest Train to Southampton, and pass the day among the Ruins of Netley Abbey, begun about 1239; beautiful remnants of the lancet-arch, roofless, except with canopies formed by very tall overhanging ash trees, which grow among the ruins. Another day may be well spent in Winchester; several hours being devoted to its Cathedral. Dalloway briefly instances its peculiarities as follows: "Wykeham's" nave (A.D. 1394) is considered as one of the finest in England, and longer than that of York. The exterior of the Choir and Lady's Chapel is of most beautiful workmanship of the fifteenth century. There are four very fine Sacella, or Sepulchral Chapels, for the Bishops Wykeham, Waynflete, Beaufort, and Fox. Wykeham

is said to have surrounded the piers erected by Wakelyn with Pilasters. The Choir is under the Tower, as at Gloucester. The exquisite Screen behind the altar was the work of Bishop Fox, to whom Speed attributes not only the additions to the Choir, but the vaulting and glassing (with stained glass) of the whole Church.

A still more extensive Tour along the Undercliff of the Isle of Wight, or even round the Island in a Steamer, or a Geological Excursion to Allum Bay and the Needles, is by no means impracticable in a long summer's day.

Ride to Weybridge by South Western Railway—walk through Chertsey, Staines, and Windsor on to Slough Station, about 16 miles, return by Great Western Railway.

WEST.—By River Steamer, when the tide is favourable, to Kew—see the Gardens there—walk by the side of the Thames to Richmond Hill, through Richmond Park, over Wimbledon Common to Wimbledon Station, about eight miles—return by South Western Railway.

By South Western Railway to Kingston Station—cross Ditton Ferry—see the Gardens and Grounds of Hampton Court, through Bushy Park, especially when the horse chest-nuts are in blossom—through the pretty country town of Kingston, across Richmond Park to Richmond, about ten miles—return by Richmond Steamer.

By Great Western Railway to Slough—walk to Windsor, remarking the views about Eton—by Frogmore Lodge, along the Long Walk to Virginia Water, and back to Windsor, about fourteen miles—ride in Omnibus to Slough Station, fare 6*d.*, and return by Railway.

By Great Western Railway to Maidenhead Station—walk to Henley, and return by the Tow-path of the Thames, or descend the river in a boat or barge. Some of the finest scenery of the Thames lies between Henley and Maidenhead.

By Great Western Railway to Reading—walk by the banks of the River to Maidenhead, and return by Railway.

(Two Days' Excursion). Proceed as far as Reading by the Great Western Railway—walk seven miles to Oakingham, where are two comfortable Inns (one kept by Mrs. Wise), thence by Eversley to Hartley Row for the night. The Lion is the "head" Inn, but the Swan will do for him who has little pride and few sixpences. Take the road opposite the

Swan to the church, through Crondall and Farnham, or go direct to the Farnboro' Station, which is six miles on the London side of Farnham; if strength and zeal hold out, walk still on to Woking Common, and take the Southampton Train to London. We would rather recommend the Inn at Frimley, a mile from the Farnboro' Station, if there be time; it is beautifully situated, and half a day may be whiled away in the Park and Heath which surround it.

NORTH WEST.—By Birmingham Railway to Harrow—ascend the hill—see the church and the fine panoramic views. It is worth while in the walk back to town, seeing the Kensal Green Cemetery. The first road on the north-east side of the Cemetery leads across the meadows over the Hippodrome, into the Bayswater road, and is by far the pleasantest way into town.

By Birmingham Railway to Hemel Hempstead—walk through Gorhambury Park to St. Albans—see the Abbey, the nave of which is one of the few authentic specimens of Saxon architecture. It is among the largest of our Abbeys. Thence to Watford, and if there is time, see Cashiobury and its old picturesque mansion, about sixteen miles—return by Railway.

Ride to Tring, by Birmingham Railway.—Walk to Wendover, and if you desire good and reasonable entertainment, pay Mrs. Rose a visit at the Crown Inn. Best to order a dinner there, and whilst it is preparing walk to "Chequers," once inhabited by Oliver Cromwell. Examine the magnificent box trees in its neighbourhood, and a spot called "Velvet Lawn;" return to Wendover, and from Tring by Railway. If a second day's absence from town is possible, pursue the course of the Chiltern Hills to High Wycombe, thence to Marlow, and by the Thames to Maidenhead.

NORTH.—By Northern and Eastern Railway to Waltham Abbey—see the Abbey. One of the most perfect remains of ~~Saxon~~ ^{Norman} architecture near the Metropolis. Walk across Epping Forest, through Loughton and Chigwell, and across Hainault Forest to Romford, about thirteen miles—return by Eastern Counties Railway.

Ride to Hatfield and back. The three Parks and Mansions with their contents—of Brockett Hall, Penshanger Park, and Hatfield Park, are most pleasant subjects for a day's excursion.

From West End of the Town, go by Regent's Park, Primrose Hill, and footpath to Hampstead; go about the Heath on

both sides of the road; go thence by road to Highgate, or by footpath through Vale of Health, and by Caen Wood to back road to Highgate; or the same way, turning at the ponds, up a by-road, through the grounds of Caen Wood, leading into the road between Hampstead and Highgate.

Highgate to Hornsey and Muswell Hill, or to Muswell Hill and Colney Hatch, and back, or cross to Finchley.

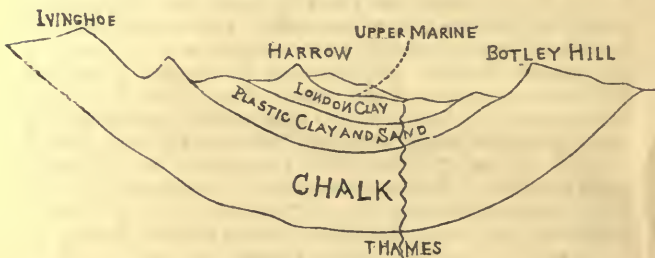
Hampstead to Hendon, and return by Edgware Road, or cross on through Neardon and Willesden.

The interest of a walk is very much enhanced by some knowledge of the natural history of the country explored. A list of the more rare plants which grow around the Metropolis, would be too long for the present work; and the reader, if he is not already acquainted with them, had best consult Turner and Dillwyn's *Botanist's Guide*, where the plants peculiar to each county of England and Wales are classified under their respective counties. The neighbourhoods of Boxhill near Dorking, and of Walton-on-Thames, may both be instanced as spots rich in Botanical rarities. The objection of length does not, however, apply to a general survey of the geological features of the metropolitan neighbourhoods; and the following contribution of a well-wisher to this little book is therefore inserted. It will be useful too as a Botanical Guide, inasmuch as each soil has its own especial plants.

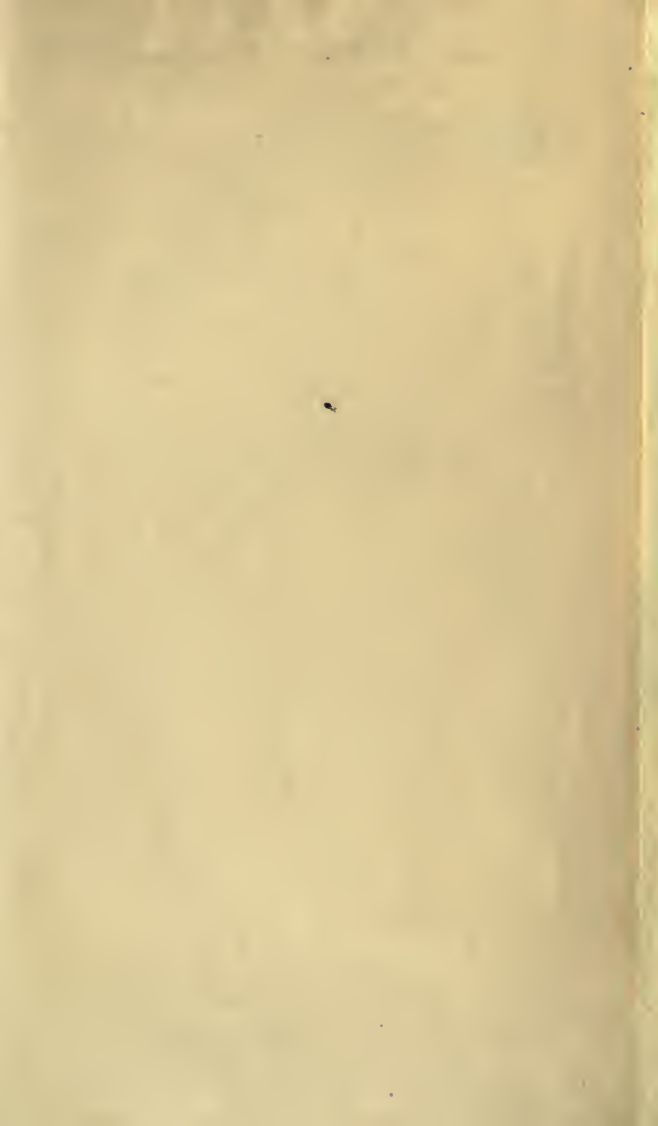
GEOLOGY OF LONDON.

The soil on which London is built, and that of the country around, to a great distance in all quarters, consists of various strata of clays, sands, and gravel reposing on a chalk bed or basin. The brim of this basin has been carried away on the sea-side, but on the land-sides it remains, forming the elevated ridges of chalk hills which terminate at Dover on the south-east, and Hunstanton in Norfolk on the north-east. The clay beds extend along the sides of the Thames forming the elevations of Highgate, the sub-strata of Hampstead, Hendon, Harrow, and mixed up with gravel, extend through Uxbridge, Beaconsfield, to the chalk at High Wycombe. Clay with deposits of gravel and a little sand form the chief soil of all the south-east and north-east of Essex. The hills on the Surrey side of London are of clay, as at New Cross, Nun-Head Hill, Herne Hill, Brixton, and on to Wandsworth, where they terminate by an inconsiderable elevation above the alluvial meadows of Battersea on the shores of the Thames. This clay is covered in various places by immediate deposits of sand of various kinds, forming the beautiful elevation of Hampstead Heath, and those invaluable waste lands (invaluable for the purposes of

health and out-of-door enjoyment, because waste and sterile) of Clapham Common, Wandsworth, Wimbledon. Extending beyond the valley of the Wandle, Kingston, and the valley of the Mole, they appear again at Esher, forming that immense tract of sandy heath which reaches to Ripley, Woking, and Bagshot Heath, and present the picturesque heights of St. George's Hill and St. Ann's Hill. They reach to Hartley Row, where appears a little clay, and as far as the chalk at Odiham and Basingstoke. They pass northward to Bracknell, and near to Oakingham, where are found the gravels and clays of the valley of the Loddon and the Thames, and of Windsor Forest. The sand, gravel, and clay, alternating with one another, form the little frequented but delicious sylvan scenery of Eversley, Hartley Row, and Crondall.



A rude but not altogether inappropriate idea may be formed of the London basin as it is called, by considering the chalk hills which extend from Norfolk to Dover, as forming the edge of a fire shovel, the hollow of which has been scooped out by torrents of water (the deluge of the ancient world), and its contents borne away into the sea. An immense hollow area has been left, which has been partially filled up (by the operation of successive torrents and floods of water) with sand, gravel, and clay—washed, drifted, and accumulated in all sorts of tortuous forms, according to the force and direction of the various currents which have flowed over it. The Thames may be considered as the great residuary drain, when all had become quiet and had formed its last level. By a glance at the map, the chalk hills which form the edge or brim of this vast hollow, may be traced from Dover running westernly by Canterbury, Rochester, Wrotham, Godstone, Reigate, Guildford, Basingstoke, Hungerford, through Berkshire and Buckinghamshire, approaching London at St. Albans, Hertford, Ware, Bishop's Stortford, all the north-western part of Essex, as at Saffron-Walden, the western side of Suffolk, as at Bury St. Edmunds, and terminating at the N.W. coast of Norfolk.



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